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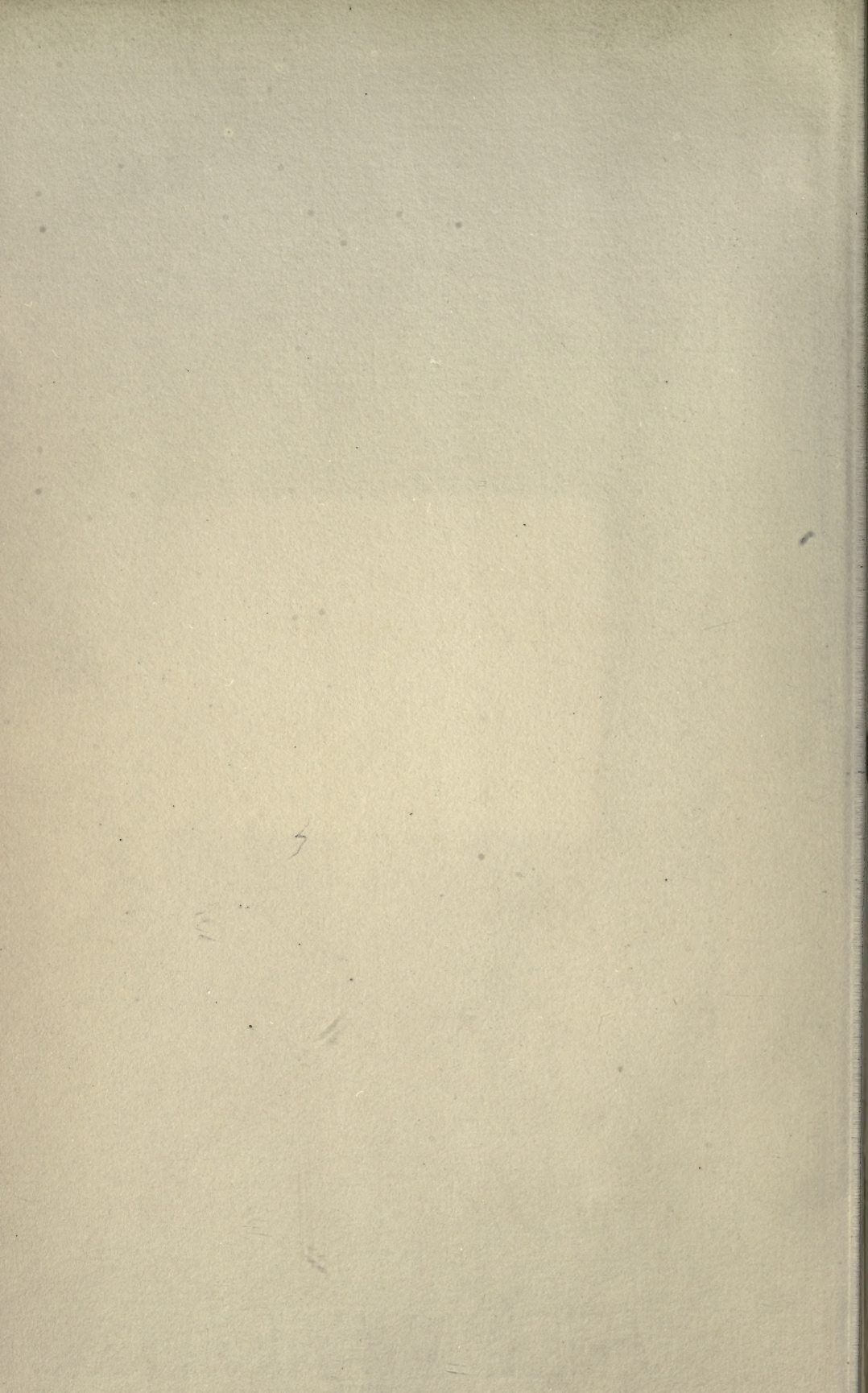














BROUGHAM  
AND HIS EARLY FRIENDS







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# BROUGHAM

## AND HIS EARLY FRIENDS

LETTERS TO JAMES LOCH  
1798-1809

Collected and arranged by

R. H. M. BUDDLE ATKINSON  
AND G. A. JACKSON

*WITH NOTES AND APPENDICES*

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.



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## P R E F A C E

IN offering these volumes to the subscribers the annotators rely on the great interest of the period dealt with, and the living criticism, both social and political, exhibited in them, combined, naturally, with the great weight due to the names attached.

In literature and politics Scotland at this time was as supreme as in 'the days of Bruce' she had been on a sterner field.

The title, to some, may seem a misnomer, seeing that about one-half only of the letters bear the signature of Henry Brougham. Since, however, he was certainly the greatest of the correspondents, the annotators yield him the place of honour.

To preserve the continuity of the letters, and to avoid detracting from the enjoyment of them, no footnotes or reference marks of any

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kind have been introduced, but at the end of each letter, on a separate page, appear the names of all the people mentioned in that letter, referring the reader to the Appendix, in which a short summary is given of what has been discovered with reference to them. In every case authority is given for any statement made, and it is hoped in this way to rekindle interest in the history of the period, and possibly also in the lost art of letter-writing.

A further Appendix<sup>1</sup> has also been supplied, in which is given a somewhat fuller account of the life of Henry Brougham. The annotators in compiling this latter have felt, even more fully than hitherto, the extreme difficulty of the work undertaken on the lines on which they have planned it. With the system of a short note in the Appendix it has been comparatively easy. While giving a little succinct information concerning every man mentioned, where such information has been possible

<sup>1</sup> Appendix A.



of acquirement without any raising of by-gone battle-cries, or even attempting an analysis of character, in the case of Henry Brougham, whose literary and political career extended over a period of sixty years, and who was not only intimately but also eminently connected with the politics and the events of a time when party passion ran high, this is not possible; and it is only after mature consideration that the annotators have decided on what can at best be called a mutilated synopsis of biography. For this they must accept full responsibility—and bear the blame.

Much has been written of Lord Brougham by friends, opponents, and enemies. The main authority followed in these pages is John, Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, an authority none too favourable to the great man now once more under consideration.

Born, as he was, of somewhat obscure, though respectable parents, it is small wonder that with Lord Brougham's strange nature



and early want of application, he is heard of but rarely in his younger days, and then in such different circumstances, and under such varied guises, that it seems almost impossible the references should throughout be to the same individual.

By Campbell some light is thrown on this complex nature—light which tends to show that Brougham was not unconscious of his own shortcomings; and in his letters to James Loch there is something pathetic. Hurt by the current (though possibly deserved) accusations of want of heart, he is continually protesting his friendship and sincerity.

Of vanity, and even selfishness, in the face of these letters it would be difficult to acquit him; but throughout his life no one could doubt his courage, and in spite of strange *hiati* in his management of Queen Caroline's affairs—in spite of manifest inconsistencies in his speeches and his actions—more especially as regards the acceptance of the Great Seal, few would accuse him of political dishonesty.



On one point all were, and are, agreed— with all his faults (and they were not few)—he was a great man. If in these pages the reader finds something to whet his curiosity and make him wish to know more of the period and its characters, the annotators will feel they have not laboured in vain.

The spelling throughout follows the originals exactly, but where words are undecipherable owing to the paper having been torn with the seal, or to defects due to the folding, the word believed to be correct is placed in square brackets.

It may be of interest to mention the curious circumstances under which these letters came into the hands of the annotators.

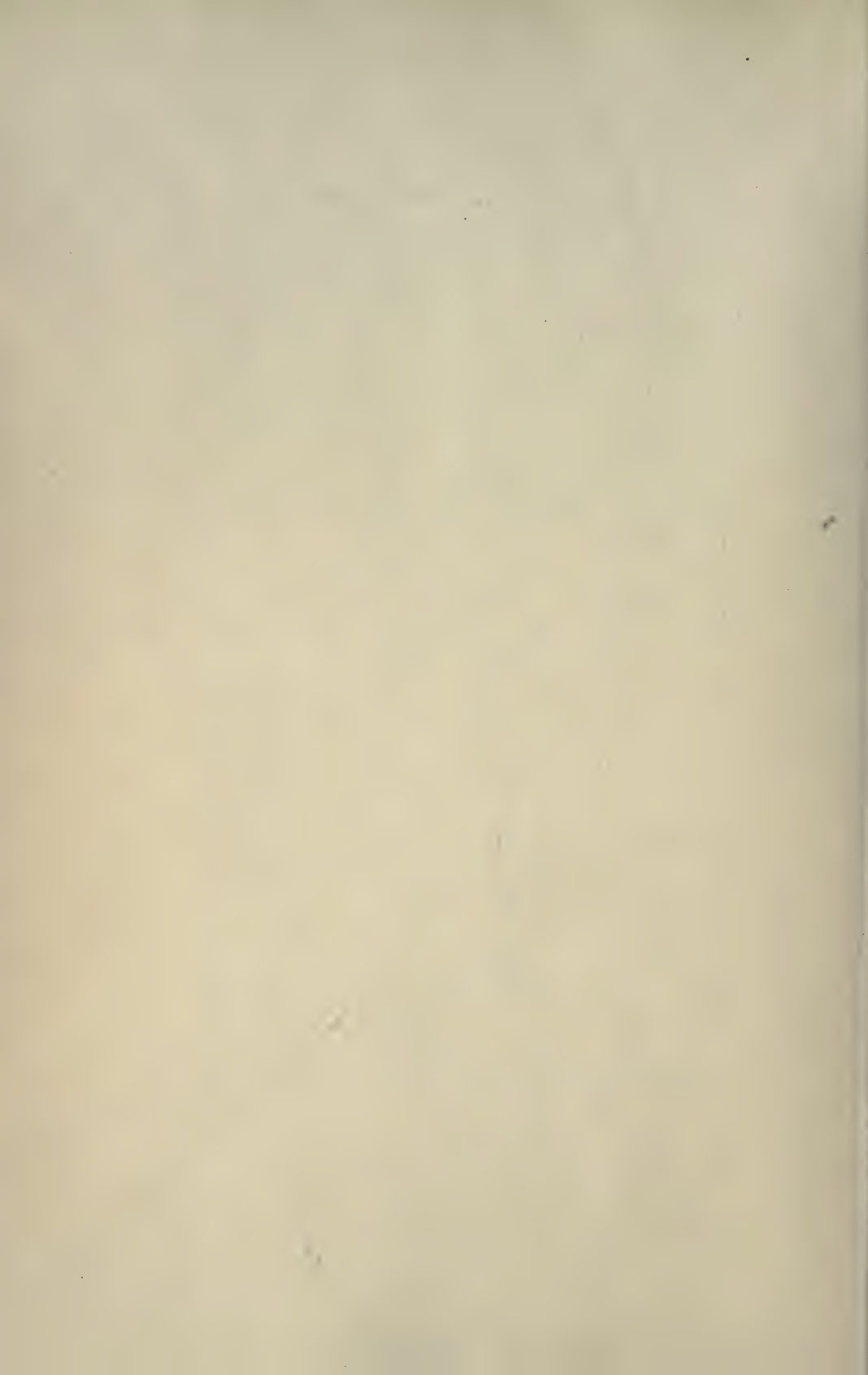
Some three years ago the present representative of the James Loch to whom they are addressed found it expedient to resort to the compactness of the modern residential flat. Consequently the undesirability of storing lumber rendered their removal necessary. A friend on being consulted suggested that instead

of destroying such an unknown quantity, he would willingly store the whole in his office, whither they were committed in boxes. At his leisure, some two years after, excited by curiosity, he made a cursory investigation of these boxes occupying so much room, and found certain old documents and letters neatly tied and docketed, of which these form but a small portion. Thinking that the owner might wish for the preservation of some, he promptly decided to gain permission to examine the whole, which permission the owner kindly granted. On further investigation it became necessary to devote serious attention to them, the result being the present volumes, and, moreover, the discovery of documents which had remained undisturbed for centuries, as early as the sixteenth and extending over the whole of the Stuart period; besides this, an accumulation of letters of the greatest political interest dating to the period of the late W. E. Gladstone.

From the reader who appreciates the per-



usal of these volumes, all thanks are due to Mr. H. B. Woodcock, of the firm of Messrs. Darling and Pead. To Mr. W. K. Dickson, Librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh; to Messrs. T. and A. Constable, the printers; and to many others the thanks of the annotators are due for the inestimable value of their assistance which has transformed a laborious task into a perfect pleasure.





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# LETTERS

## WILLIAM BRYCE

ABERDOUR, 5th March 1798.

DEAR SIR,—I was to blame for not calling at your house when in Edinr., the truth was, that having taken a trip to Gretna, by way of Kelso and Coldstream, on my return found myself circumscribed as to time. I was happy to learn from Professor Dalzel, however, that you were all well.

I think Mr. Wm. Adam has fairly committed himself. I should not like to be sisted before a Scotch Jury as the Author of the Sentence you mention, especially '*temporibus illis valdi intempestibus*,' according to Mr. White. I agree with you in thinking that it is absurd to force people to make a voluntary subscription—but the *Minute* Logician, it would seem, thinks otherwise.

You will find a more philosophical and far

more extensive view of the Origin and Progress of Language in Lord Monboddo's book on the subject than in either of those you mention. You will also find, if I recollect right, under *Language* and *Verb* in the *Encyclopædia*, some useful information.

If you are to be in Edinr., you ought certainly to attend the Nat. History Class. You will get great assistance from the books you mention, and also from Smellie's *Philosophy of N. History*, at least for general views of the subject. I believe his second volume has been lately published.

You should also attend Dr. Rutherford's course of lectures on Botany—this and the objects of Nat. Philosophy are, properly speaking, branches of Chemistry, and these Classes will make not an improper introduction to Dr. Hope, whose lectures you will probably attend next winter. For you should remember that your great object at present, and perhaps for two or three years to come, should be *general knowledge*, following afterwards that particular



branch to which your inclination leads. And should your profession require either much speaking or writing, nothing is so likely to render both easy as the power of drawing the illustrations of your subject from a variety of sources.

I paid a consolatory visit to the 'Knight Burn't,' and I found him still ailing—'burnt bairns dread the fire,' says the proverb. I hope it will be realised by him. Your acquaintance Mr. Reid has 'waddled well,' again, I wish he may continue so. He is the best of my Co-Presbyters. The weather is very pleasant, and a few weeks more of it will make everything look well.

The first two or three spare days you have, which I suppose will be about the Preachings, I will be extremely happy to see you, and if you have no objections to put on your accoutrements and bestride a rough trotting Kinghorn horse, we shall pay a visit to Sandy Penny-cuick the prophet at Blair.—I am, dear sir,  
yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BRYCE.





## WILLIAM BRYCE (1-3)

Professor Dalzel. See appendix, *Dalzel, Andrew*.

Mr. Wm. Adam. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Mr. White.

Lord Monboddo. See appendix, *Monboddo, Lord*.

Smellie. See appendix, *Smellie, William*.

Dr. Rutherford. See appendix, *Rutherford, Daniel*.

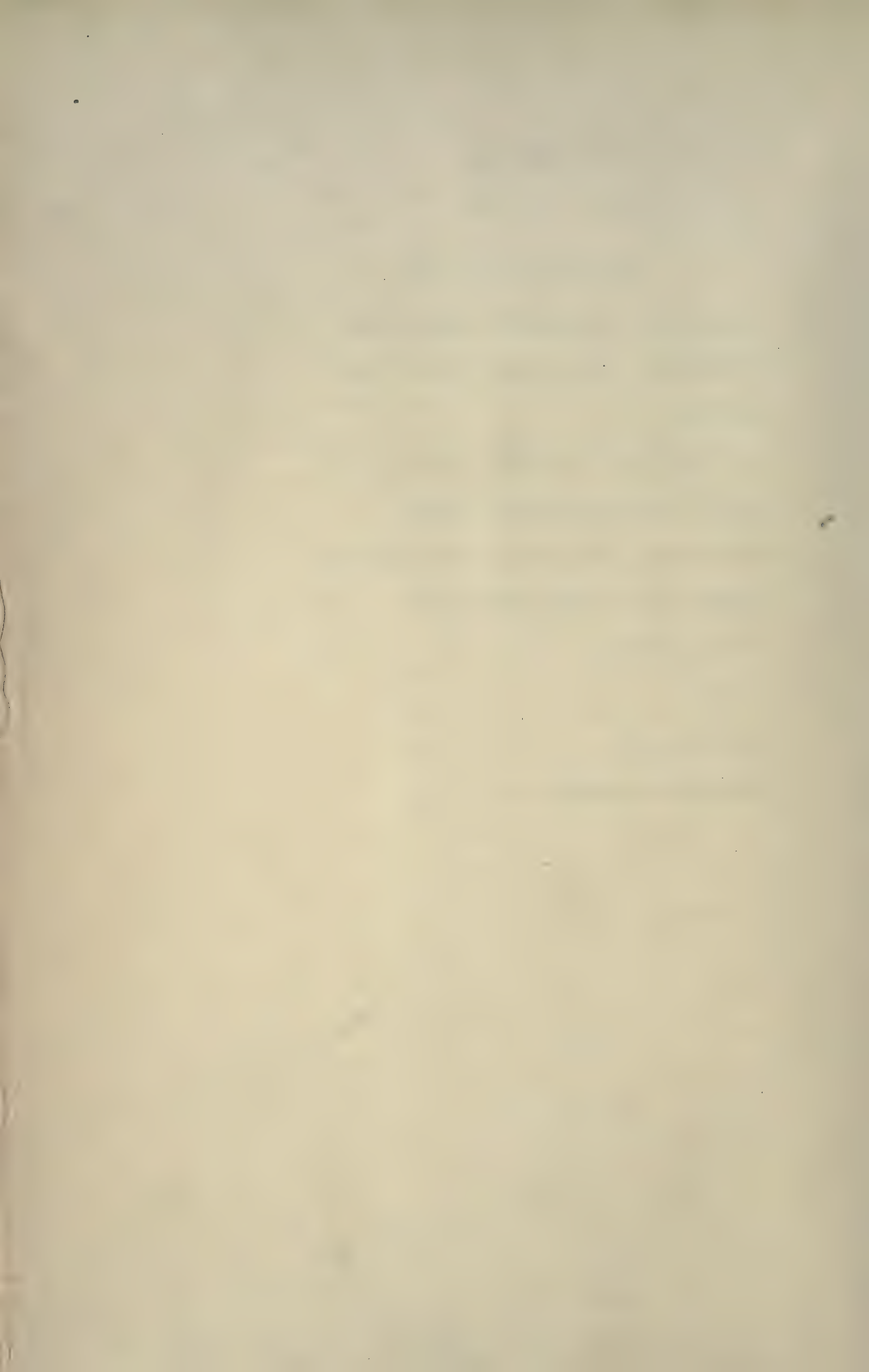
Dr. Hope. See appendix, *Hope, Charles*.

The Knight Burn't.

Mr. Reid.

Sandy Pennycuik.

William Bryce (signature).





'BARFLEUR,' SPITHEAD, 11th March 1798,

7.30 P.M., *Sunday*.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I have really had nothing to say, or I should have answered your letter before now—indeed I have still nothing to say, as I scarcely ever go out of the ship, and therefore hear no news.

I heard from my mother yesterday, from whom I was glad to hear you were all well, and Aunt Louisa returned from East Lothian. My Mother says the K.s have never been near you—what an extraordinary man he is. How much I should like to see you all and visit Blair again. I'm afraid it will not be my lot till the war is over, or unless I cannot get a ship after I get a commission. My Father was to see the Duke of York as soon as possible to find out my Lord Spencer's intentions with regard to me that we may take our measures accordingly, *i.e.* whether to go

to Lord St. Vincent or remain in England. If Lord Spencer does not give hopes of speedy preferment, I think it will be the very best way to go to Lord St. V——

Make my love to your Mother, Aunt La., and Cousins. It is my watch; I will write more to-morrow—for the present—Adieu.

C. ADAM.

You will hardly be able to read my scrawl of last night—my light was none of the best. Here is a fine cold day—a hard frost this morning with an Eastly wind—a convoy from the Eastward. Two East Indiamen will take care of any letters you wish to send. I [will] write you word when the next fleet sails. As I told you last night, I have nothing to say.

I think the *Barfleur* will go to Lisbon. Love to everybody,—Adieu, yours afft.,

C. ADAM.

'BARFLEUR,' 12th March.

Let this share the same fate as you desired yours might.



## CHARLES ADAM (7-8)

My Mother. See appendix, *Adam, Eleanor*.

Aunt Louisa.

The K.'s.

My Father. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

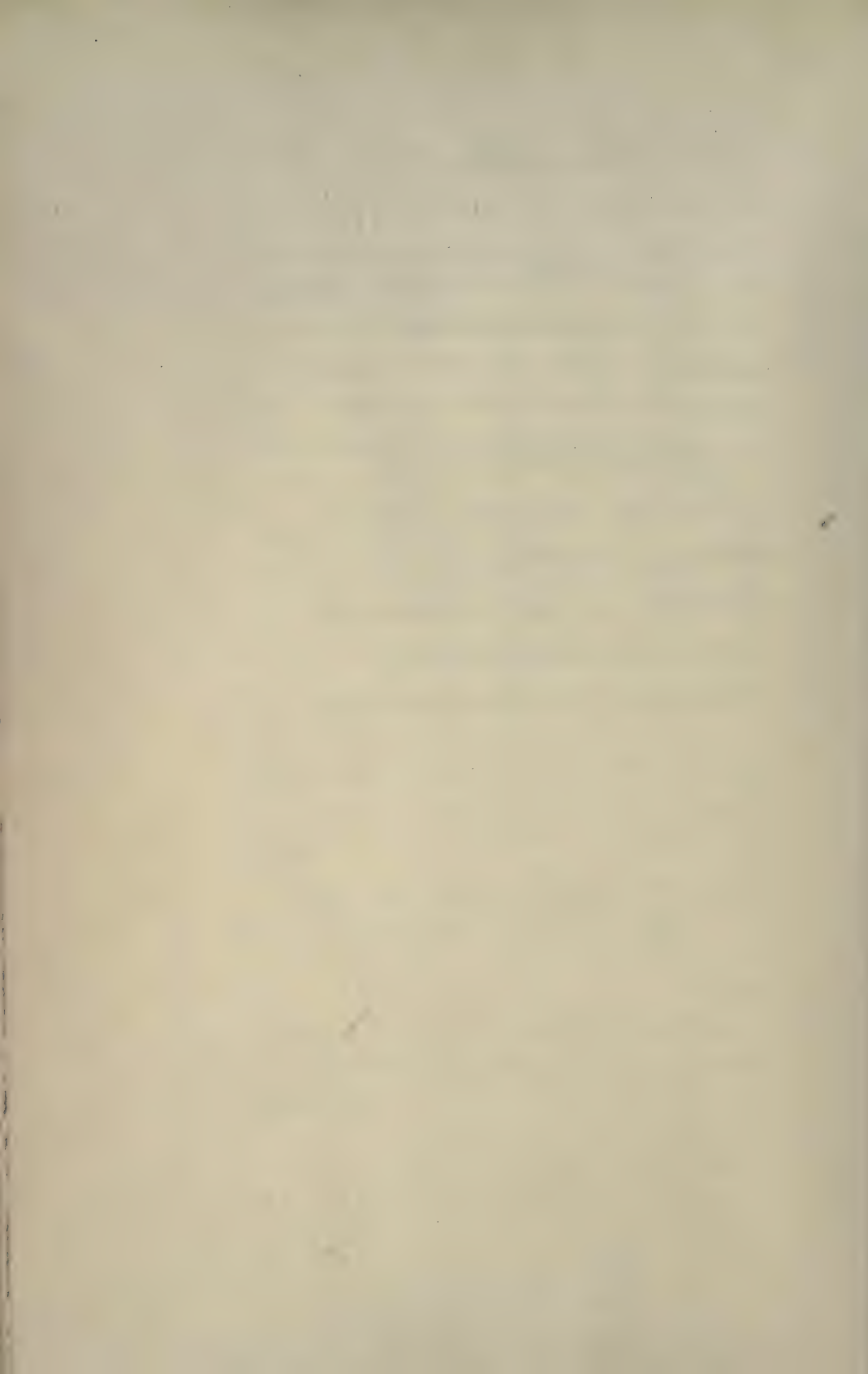
The Duke of York. See appendix, *York, Duke of*.

Lord Spencer. See appendix, *Spencer, Lord*.

Lord St. Vincent. See appendix, *St. Vincent, Lord*.

Your Mother. See appendix, *Loch, Mary*.

C. Adam (signature). See appendix, *Adam, Sir Charles*.





LONDON, 14th May 1798.

DEAR JAMES,—I am very sorry you could not read my letter, it was certainly very shamefully written ; nor am I going to dispute about the contents of yours, which I am not so sure about. I have this time, however, begun with great caution, for I am determined never to write a letter again that is not legible. If it is not a great secret and a thing which ought not to be known, I will presume to ask what was the subject of your democratical essay, in the 'Speculative,' and how you dared to say, what I suppose was too true, in a place where Dundas reigns so despotically.

You have by this time seen that C. Fox is struck out of the Privy Council. I think my Father's opinion is, that it will bring things to an extremity, and the only fear is that it may drive him to unite with Tooke, etc. ; he does

not, however, say so (although he said as much to me) but always says : ' Much he will care for it,' or puts it off in that manner. We have a letter from Charles from Plymouth, I dare say he will be *made soon*. An order was sent down yesterday from the Secretary of State's office for all aliens to remove from within sixteen miles of the sea and ten of any dockyard, in consequence of which several of the masters of Woolwich Academy are obliged to depart, among the rest Catty, Landman, and a man of the name of Keane who is overseer of the foundries and without whom they cannot cast a single gun. A rare specimen of ministerial wisdom ! They have forgot likewise that London is within eight miles of Deptford dockyard. It is expected, however, that Lord Cornwallis will petition for the exception of these men, and that it will be complied with, of course.

Never was *just* [such] bad weather, it has rained for this week past almost without ceasing ; they say it is for the good of the Country,

but I cannot help wishing it to be once more fair.

My father goes to Maidstone on Sunday—I hear that even the ministerialists think O'Connor will be acquitted, as the papers which were to be so convincing cannot be proved against them; but still many think that if his Council had not given up the flaw in the indictment it would have been of great use after the verdict was given.

I see by the N. papers that the Irish Government have offered a reward for the apprehension of Lord E. Fitzgerald; it is very odd how he remains concealed so long. I will write more to-morrow,—Yours, etc.,

WM. ADAM.

*Tuesday.*

This is the first good day we have had for a long time, I hope it will continue so. I have just received my regimental hat and stock, it would almost [be] worth your while to come from Edinr. to [see] us march and go through



our evolutions. I mean by that, if the word will bear the meaning, to see us wheel out of order and march with fifty different steps. You do not know how much I enjoyed Montoni's confusion at his meeting our Aunts—let me know if you think he is *compos mentis*. I [really] think [very] doubtful and should like to hear G. Wood's opinion about it. I must tell you that Francis is the most gallant man of the age without exception. He met a young lady at school of the name of Wilson who lives in the square: this girl from some cause or other was punished and cried—this moved 'Fat' so much that he must needs be very attentive to her: the next day her mother met F. and asked him to dine with her: they met and dined together, and F. out of pure affection made her a present of backgammon tables: soon after, when some people were here at dinner, he went by himself to pay her a visit and staid there some time, when we knew it and laughed at him: he very gravely said that he was the most unfortunate person in the world,

for whenever he went to see her she was always dressing. I hope you think he has begun soon enough! I have nothing else to say either of sense or nonsense, and so remain,  
yours sincerely,

WILM. G. ADAM.

Love to all, etc.

*P.S.*—I have neither seen Broome, and in your letter you did not say where he was to be found. Write me word where he lives, etc.





## W. G. ADAM (11-15)

Speculative. See appendix, *Speculative Society*.

Dundas.

C. Fox. See appendix, *Fox, Charles*.

My Father. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Tooke. See appendix, *Tooke, Horne*.

Charles. See appendix, *Adam, Sir Charles*.

Secretary of State.

Catty.

Landman. See appendix, *Landman, J*.

Keane.

Lord Cornwallis. See appendix, *Cornwallis, Lord*.

O'Connor. See appendix, *O'Connor*.

Lord E. Fitzgerald. See appendix, *Fitzgerald, Lord E*.

Wm. Adam (signature). See appendix, *Adam, W. G.*

Montoni.

G. Wood.

Francis.

Wilson.

'Fat' Francis Adam.

Broome. Henry Brougham. See Appendix A.

EDINBURGH, that is to say

KIRKNESS, *Tuesday, May 15th, 1798.*

DEAR LOCH,—Your opening your budget at the early stage of the debate was very *à propos*, as when I received yours I was weighing well whether I should boil an egg or not—but your observations determined me at once to do what—I had fixed on before—Your *causæ scribendi* I answer thus—I shall go to Blair if I can. As for Aberdour, if I go there I must set out a day sooner from this than I intend, *ergo* Mr. Bryce will keep cold—a great blessing in warm weather. My fishing sports rather fag. The weather has not been hitherto very favourable for that amusement. The only adventure worth mentioning here is that I happened a few days ago to land up to the middle in water, for leaping a ditch; I had the good fortune to slip a foot, and instead of finding myself on



dry land I happened to light in the middle of the ditch to my no small annoyance. I have been pretty much employed in looking at the new improvements here, which go on swimmingly. Beatson dined here a few days ago; I asked him about Blair, which he informed me was as well as could be expected. The draining was going on very well. There was also another man, a great farmer—he seemed to think that the dug drain would do, but he did not approve much of the boring, in which Beatson seemed in part to agree. The country hereabouts is contrary to custom very far advanced, the grain looking well and the prospect of a great crop of hay and grass. Indeed the country now is most delightful, and willingly would I give up the prospect of again taking a touch at ‘Brag’ to have the pleasure of vegetating in the country, but the higher powers control these matters, and while we are subject to their jurisdiction we must abide by their judgment. As a proof of the mildness of the season there are two roses

almost blown in the garden, which to us who know the atmosphere and soil is thought no little of. The militia business is going on quietly here. The whole of Fife seem very well pleased with the service but this rascally parish of ours. Not one of those drawn for this parish, six in number, would go if they could get substitutes—I do not know how they have got such a dislike to the military life, indeed they carry this so far that some people in the parish who can hardly afford to live comfortably have each offered seventeen pounds some shillings to get substitutes for their sons who were balloted to serve.

However, it is not from a dislike to the Government, as upwards of sixty pounds will be collected in the parish for the aid of Government. Fife is perfectly reconciled to its disappointment in not getting the militia to its Lord Lieutenant, and his Lordship of Crawford has been prevailed upon to continue in his office. I met Hugh Houston going on board when I came to Leith. He seemed not

to be very fond of his journey, and regretted much his not having accepted a pot of marmalade which your mother had offered him ; his companion also seemed not to relish much Hugh's modesty. However, he said that the ship was well supplied with female live stock.

Dr. Davidson was here to-day, obliged for remembrances, begs to be the same, etc. There was a meeting held by Geo. Graham to-day at Kinross about the subscription, what was done has not reached this quarter. Handsome I dare say ; speaking of handsome, Capt. and Mrs. Park are at Kinross at present. Poor G. Graham was taken ill lately, which brought them over. The good man had eaten too much, and the consequences, the torment being proportioned to the indulgence, alarmed him in a similar degree. His son and Tom are there at present, but not being acquainted with them I have seen neither.—All from your most obedient humble sert.,

‘SILVESTER DAGGERWOOD’

[ANDREW CLEPHANE].



Whose benefit is fixed for Monday 21st of  
May 1798.

*Addressed*—Unto SQUIRE LOCH,  
at his mother's Own House,  
George Street, Edinbr.



## ANDREW CLEPHANE (19-23)

Mr. Bryce.

Beatson. See appendix, *Beatson, Robert*.

His Lordship of Crawford.

Hugh Houston. See appendix, *Houstoun, Hugh*.

Dr. Davidson.

George Graham.

The Subscription.

Capt. and Mrs. Park.

His son, James Graham.

Tom.

Andrew Clephane (signature). See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew*.





SPRING GARDEN COFFEE HOUSE,

*May 22, 1798.*

DEAR JAMES,—Perhaps my writing to you is an *Honor* you did not think of. I have been here very near a week, and I think I never spent such a dull time in all my life. I don't know what it is, but I can't enjoy myself as I used to do when I have been in London before; formerly the Ladies at the Playhouse used to give me some little amusement, but now whenever I ever look at one of them it makes me quite sick to think of the difference between them and poor dear little *Wouski*, who, I understand from your Aunt, is looking very handsome.

We had a very agreeable journey from Leeds in the coach; the party was Maxwell, myself, and two Ladies, one of them of great *fashion*. Maxwell did all he could, but it would not do, although I rode on the out-

side for half a day that he might have a good opportunity. When we were about half way to London I found I had left my watch at Leeds; however, I am in great hopes of recovering it again. Your cousin, Charles Adam, came to town yesterday. I never saw such a fat monster in my life, and as like his father as he can look. He has been at the Admiralty to-day, and got his commission for the 'Falcon' Fire Ship—'a damned small Hooker,' as the *Captain* chooses to call her, but I don't think he has much reason to complain. I have taken a fancy into my head that I shall see you sooner than I thought when I left you, but I beg you won't mention it, as I am not certain whether I shall be able to make it out, and if I do it will only be for a little time. I understand that great fat beast, Jamie Dalrymple, has got the Captn.-Lieuty. of the East Lothian Cavalry; he has a good Head for a Helmet, and a good *A*—*e* for a Jacket. I suppose her Ladyship will be shewing her



great *Doup* in a uniform Jacket. It is the very worst Regt. he could get into in my idea, because she will quarrel with some of the Ladies. Lady Margt. Maclean and her hardly speaks now. I dare say you are tired of all the nonsense I have been writing. Best Compts. to all at home, and to Mr. Clerk the first time you see him.

I hope you will write to me soon—direct Spring Garden Coffee House, Charing Cross.

—Yours sincerely,

H. HOUSTOUN.



## HUGH HOUSTOUN (27-29)

*Wouski.*

Your aunt. See appendix, *Adam, Eleanor.*

Maxwell.

Charles Adam.

His Father. See appendix, *Adam, William.*

Jamie Dalrymple. See appendix, *Dalrymple, James.*

Her Ladyship.

Lady Margaret Maclean.

Mr. Clerk. See appendix, *Clerk, John.*

H. Houstoun (signature).





LONDON, 30th May 1798.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I received yours last week, and am sorry to see by it that you have not got a letter which I wrote you on Tuesday fortnight. I have seen Mr. Adam, who is quite well, and desires to be remembered (but has no particular message). You must have heard of the *duel* long before this. I have not heard a single person attempt to vindicate Pitt—even the most famous Pittites are against him for his insolence and haughtiness, and condemn the Speaker for want of Dignity. Tierney has behaved vastly well, and given satisfaction to everybody. I have been near a week out of town, and might have spent the time very agreeably, if I had been tolerably well; but I was taken ill of what is called the *Mumps*—a stiff neck, sore throat, and some fever, which continued 4

days and spoilt much pleasure. You cannot imagine my rage at the proceedings in the Spec. I have seen Murray. I talked it over with him—some measure must be taken to prevent such abominable injustice for the future. Petty is not come to town yet; so I fear I shan't see him at all, for we propose leaving town the monday after next. I see Oxford, Bath, York, etc. etc., so that I hope I shall be in Edinr. in less than three weeks. I shall now give you a small sketch of the parties and politics here, and you may depend on my authority being good. Fox has become so fond of solitude, reading, and country occupations, that it is much to be feared he has no immediate thoughts of again entering into public business. I rather apprehend that he has become indifferent about the matter, and there can be no doubt that his popularity is on the decline—the great detest him, and the majority of the house, tho' they would willingly rank under a third man, yet of the two evils, Pitt and Fox, prefer what they think

the least. The Crown and Anchor meeting has done a world of mischief. Horne Took (who abhors Fox) triumphs in what he considers a complete victory over him. Horne Took's party think they have ruined one of their antagonists, and wait in expectations that the other (Pitt) will ruin himself.

The corresponding Society, except about six members, consists of the most dispicable and brutal of mobs. Men whose ignorance and savage barbarity renders them fit only for being tools—indeed, they are the common day laborers about town. This party, perfectly distinct in its nature from the *opposition*, has done more to ruin its cause, than Pitt and his party ever could have foreseen. The late conduct of Sheridan has been his own private act, not that of the party, who indeed highly disapprove it. So that the individual gets all praise, and does all the good, while the party is rather blamed. Tierney is not a Foxite—it is thought he wants to get Grey to form a third party with him. Sheridan is certainly



not quite to be trusted. He does not approve of the Secession, and some people think that he would take a part in a *third party*. I have heard that about fourteen months ago he went up to Lord Guilford, to propose *going over*, and he laughed at him—at any rate, Sheridan is suspicious.

The Secession was a *bad measure*; it has been ill carried on, half done, worse than useless. But the most ruinous of all measures has been the apparent coalition on the 24th of January. Indeed (my dear James), I begin to fear for the cause. God grant that we may not live and die under the present system of things—but I am much afraid. Write me immediately. Don't shew this to any one—especially to our people, who don't know of my illness.

## HENRY BROUGHAM (33-36)

Mr. Adam. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

The duel. See appendix, *Duel, The*.

The Speaker. See appendix, *Addington, Henry*.

Tierney. See appendix, *Tierney, George*.

Spec. See appendix, *Speculative Society*.

Murray. See appendix, *Murray, Sir John Archibald*.

Petty.

Fox. See appendix, *Fox, Charles*.

Pitt. See appendix, *Pitt, William*.

The Crown and Anchor meeting. See appendix, *Crown and Anchor*.

Horne Took. See appendix, *Tooke, Horne*.

The Corresponding Society. See appendix, *Corresponding Society*.

Sheridan.

Grey. See appendix, *Grey, Charles*.

Lord Guilford.



EDINBURGH, FRIDAY EVENING,  
*25th Aug. 1798.*

DEAR LOCH,—Your letter gratified me very much, and you may believe was doubly agreeable from having been unlooked for. I am glad to find that you are neither so absorbed in the studies, nor in the field sports of the country, as to have forgotten the beings that herd together under the smoky atmosphere of Edinburgh. You will give me leave to say, however, that you are employed to much better purpose, when enjoying the sports, than confining yourself with such studies as can be pursued in your present situation. Locke can no more be studied in a room above carpenters at work, than those same carpenters could be properly kept to their work by a metaphysical overseer, who should first swallow a page on the innate ideas and the modes of space—



then come down and look at the wrights—this half hour out, and saw and plane ideas into their proper portions and sub-divisions, and the next pronounce a very ingenious dissertation on the properties of dove-tail and the problems of joinery.

I therefore can see no reason why what you call idleness should not prevail all the time you are at Blair Adam. I am very far from agreeing with what you seem to understand, that not to read is to be idle. I am no more convinced of this, than of its converse, that to read is to be free from idleness.

Murray is arrived, as you have already been informed, and is not in the Guards.

As you have been reading Locke, I wish you would turn up that famous passage in which he gives a definition of wit; take also Addison's Essays on the same subject, and into the bargain Cibber's *Tractate upon Laughter*. When you have read and studied and pored upon all three, tell me, for God's sake, if you can, under what genus and

species in the classification of Wit or Humour I am to rank this same joke of Murray's being in the Guards.

You have seen Clephane, and by your pious exploits against the colour of the parson's nose and the contents of his cranium, I may fairly conclude that he and you are in tolerable good health. It was indeed a most scandalous piece of waggy, and I hope, for the benefit of his parish, it happened on the Lord's Day, and that he had a sermon to preach from the inspiration of his cups. I can hardly calculate indeed how far a parson may be qualified by the fumes of whisky, etc., for the modern style of discoursing; but it certainly appears that in ancient times intoxication was a necessary preparative for the gift of prophecy—the only instance I recollect to the contrary being that of Apollo's Pythia, in whom the spirit was got agoing by the application of a *Lavement* while she sat upon the tripod. As soon as I see Brougham, which may be to-morrow, I shall tell him to write to you. But you are mis-

taken if you suppose he has nothing to do, unless you call it nothing to study Voet and the Corpus Juris 4 or 5 hours a day. This I should never have expected, if I had not known from observation of some years standing, that Brougham has a mind capable of any exertion that he chooses to put it to.

I shall be glad to hear from you soon, and, in the meantime, am yours with much esteem.

FRA. HORNER.

## FRANCIS HORNER (39-42)

Locke. See appendix, *Locke, John*.

Murray. See appendix, *Murray, Sir John Archibald*.

Addison. See appendix, *Addison, Joseph*.

Cibber. See appendix, *Cibber, Colley*.

Clephane. See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew*.

Brougham. See Appendix A.

Fra. Horner (signature). See appendix, *Horner, Francis*.





HALLYARDS, *Oct. 15, 1798.*

MY DEAR JAMES,—I received your letter when I was on the point of setting off on one of the most delicious jaunts that was ever jaunted, in company with the two Broughams and Gordon—a delightful party—ripe for fun.

Alas, no walking!! but travelling on what the people call horses—raised up in the air—we could not move our legs and felt very strange. We went in this odd way, down the Tweed to Kelso and then turned off to Alnick, where I was like to burst with the sublime and grand, from thence along the far resounding main to Berwick, and so coasted on to Edinburgh, where we ceased laughing for once in eight days and grief took possession of our souls. This and another week of dissipation have prevented me writing you so

soon as I wished—tho' to tell the truth, there's na ane better than anither, both Drones in the way of writing. You tell me of your having got 'fu' with ministers, at which I am not at all surprised, for I find that in the country where there is drunkenness there the Cloth is to be found. Some days ago my Pastor and I returning home, the Pastor behind me on horseback, humbled ourselves with the ground. Both, alas, too, too happy. The horse, who had drank moderately, went home, and I lost my hat. The gentleman whose duty consists in pointing out the right path to everlasting happiness, in showing me the road, led me into a ditch and our noses were within three inches of being fractured upon a wall. This is only our trial upon earth.

I had the inexpressible mortification when I was in town before you went to Blair, to miss a visit of Mungo Park, who called here the day before I came. This was provoking—he was obliged to leave the country the next day

and so could not accept of an invitation to dine the day I arrived.

Conceive what a treat—very communicative considering how he must be bored with questions.

From the date of your letter you must study very very hard. I wish I could say as much of myself; this Paradisiacal Summer would not allow me to keep my *doup* two minutes upon a chair—the consequence of which is, that my knowledge of Civil Law is very sparing.

I was coursing a little the other day, which is all the amusement I have had in that way this season. I presume you are a shooter, not of sparrows and such low vile Merchiston game, but Partridges and such like.

When you see the Volunteer Captain give my love to him. I beg you would remember me to your Mother and Aunt—the spinsters join me.

The time is fast approaching when we shall meet in Auld Reekie. I sincerely wish you joy



of the lectures which you will hear next winter,—that is a pleasure to come.

Write me instantly, and believe me to be,—  
Your most affect. friend,

JAMES FERGUSON.

## JAMES FERGUSON (45-48)

The two Broughams : Henry and James.

Henry Brougham. See Appendix A.

James Brougham. See appendix, *Brougham, James*.

Gordon.

Mungo Park. See appendix, *Park, Mungo*.

The Volunteer Captain.

Your Mother. See appendix, *Loch, Mary*.

Your Aunt. See appendix, *Adam, Eleanor*.

James Ferguson (signature). See appendix, *Ferguson, James*.



ABERDOUR, *6th Nov.* 1798.

MY DEAR SIR,—Yours of yesterday's date has this moment come to hand. I remember when in Edinr. last year (but when, or where, or from whom, I have at this distance of time no distinct recollection) to have heard that an essay had been delivered in a certain Society, having for its object the Refutation of the doctrine of the Trinity—that you was the Author—and that it had met the disapprobation of the Society. From what I supposed you knew of the Greek and Roman histories, and the subjects which they furnished for juvenile essays; from your having about that time (you will remember if I be wrong) enquired of me, concerning Books on the Origin and Progress of Language; and as being a person myself, who tho' not disbelieving the doctrine in question, believed



it to be altogether impossible for any man, however learned, to give an unexceptionable demonstration either for or against it, I may have then said, that I thought the subject rather an unfortunate One, for a young student just entering a philosophical study, and abstract speculation ; and, from my knowledge of your intimacy with Mr. Brougham (the Person to whom I suppose you allude) may have even added, that if you had delivered an Essay illustrative of the impossibility of the doctrine of the Trinity, it was possible that He (Mr. Brougham) in the course of his very profound mathematical illustrations, might have met with some new Argument, and suggested it, in aid of your illustration :—but if you mean to insinuate, from what you say you have heard, that I believed Mr. Brougham to be the sole Author of said Essay, or if such has been reported to you as my opinion—it is false.

Could I suppose it would afford you any satisfaction, I would add farther, in your own

words, that I do not suppose you capable of such duplicity, 'as to offer to the "Speculative" or any other Society, an Essay as your own, when you know the direct contrary.'

I am surprised to hear that Every body is running after an infernal French prostitute—it shows the power of Novelty:—I hope No body is so void of Reason, as to run upon Her: I believe there is not a virtuous woman in Britain, who under the same circumstances would have chosen a Similar Chance of Fortune.—I am, yours truly,

WILLIAM BRYCE.

To JAMES LOCH, Esq.,  
at Mrs. Loch's,  
Geo. Street,  
Edinr.



## WILLIAM BRYCE (51-35)

A certain Society. See appendix, *Speculative Society*.

Mr. Brougham. See Appendix A.

William Bryce (signature).





LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

24 Nov. 1798.

MY DEAR JAMES,—To delight and comfort you all, our Dear Kilspindie has made a most regular and happy amendment ever since yesterday morning. Dr. Baillie expects to find his pulse without fever to-morrow and has ordered his Bark to once in three hours instead of every two hours. He has taken all his medicine, and submitted to all orders, with as much complacency and sense, as he used to rampage at Blair with Capacity and Spirit.

As to your first letter I would long ago have done something about James Loch's commission, but I can only hope to do it effectually by a personal interview, and I have never yet gone about my business beyond driving in a carriage from this House to Westminster Hall and back to this House.

I am quite well, but the weather has been so inclement that I have been cautious to avoid cold and wet, and I have been in some degree compelled to this by having some heavy Matters to attend to, of Business.

The latter end of this ensuing week you may assure your Cousin, whom (for his own sake, as well as all of yours) I have a very sincere desire to serve, that he shall hear from me in the course of next week.

As to your second letter. So far as it is a disappointment to you and to William I am sorry for the rejection; and it would have been better perhaps to have had the name withdrawn. Though of this I am not quite satisfied. In other respects I am not at all sorry. I think it very little likely that there is to be any solid improvement where there is so much of nonsensical private or political Bickering. It never was so in my time. We were Ardent in Debate, and if private Business occurred we were eager there too. But the eagerness was without acrimony, and free

from anything like the Spirit of Party. I think young minds engaging in this must lay the foundation of very unpleasant animosities which may endure for life; and although William is not to pass his life in Scotland, yet that is much better avoided.

I would not wish you to withdraw from any situation in which you consider yourself as bound in honour to adhere to your friends, but if it is consistent with your understanding with them, and if sensible, spirited young men like Mr. Brougham and Mr. Horner were to acquiesce or join you, the true line of conduct for you to hold would be to abandon all party Business in the private affairs of the Society, and to go only to such subjects of Debate as you took an interest in and thought it right to join in.

I am clear that Wm. should not again become a Candidate. He can employ his time much better in private study than in the Society constituted as it now is. Love to all.  
—Yours most affecty., WILLIAM ADAM.



You ridiculous old Husie: writing with your hand sloping the wrong way (Like Montoni). Your letter lay unopened, and your aunt said 'There is a letter from some Auld Daedling Body about Edinr. that canna lay his letters the Richt Gate.'

*To* JAMES LOCH, Esq.,  
George Street,  
Edinburgh.

## WILLIAM ADAM (57-60)

Kilspindie.

Dr. Baillie. See appendix, *Baillie, Matthew*.

James Loch.

William.

Mr. Brougham. See Appendix A.

Mr. Horner. See appendix, *Horner, Francis*.

Society. See appendix, *Speculative Society*.

William Adam (signature). See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Montoni.

Your aunt. See appendix, *Adam, Eleanor*.



STORNOWAY, *Aug.* 19, 1799.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I am so fatigued with sailing, storms, shooting, drinking, etc. etc., that I have only time to bid you adieu for above a year. Stuart and I go together to Sweden, Russia, Lapland. Don't tell, as we mean to conceal until we are forced to draw for cash—this we mean if possible to raise otherwise—if not, can't help it.

Now, my Love to all and yourself, dear wife in particular—then to William—then your mother and aunt, for whom I shall keep Iceland and Moscow furs as winter's muffs—then, my compts. to your uncle—and this leads me to think that he might give us a letter or two of recommendation, but unless he will promise to keep our secret, particularly Stewart's, don't trouble him at all.

If you please write me at Drontheim, care



of ye British Consul there—but if you ever show this to a soul, I cannot think of forgiving you. My last words are,—Your most affecte. friend and spouse,

H. B., junr.

## HENRY BROUGHAM (63-64)

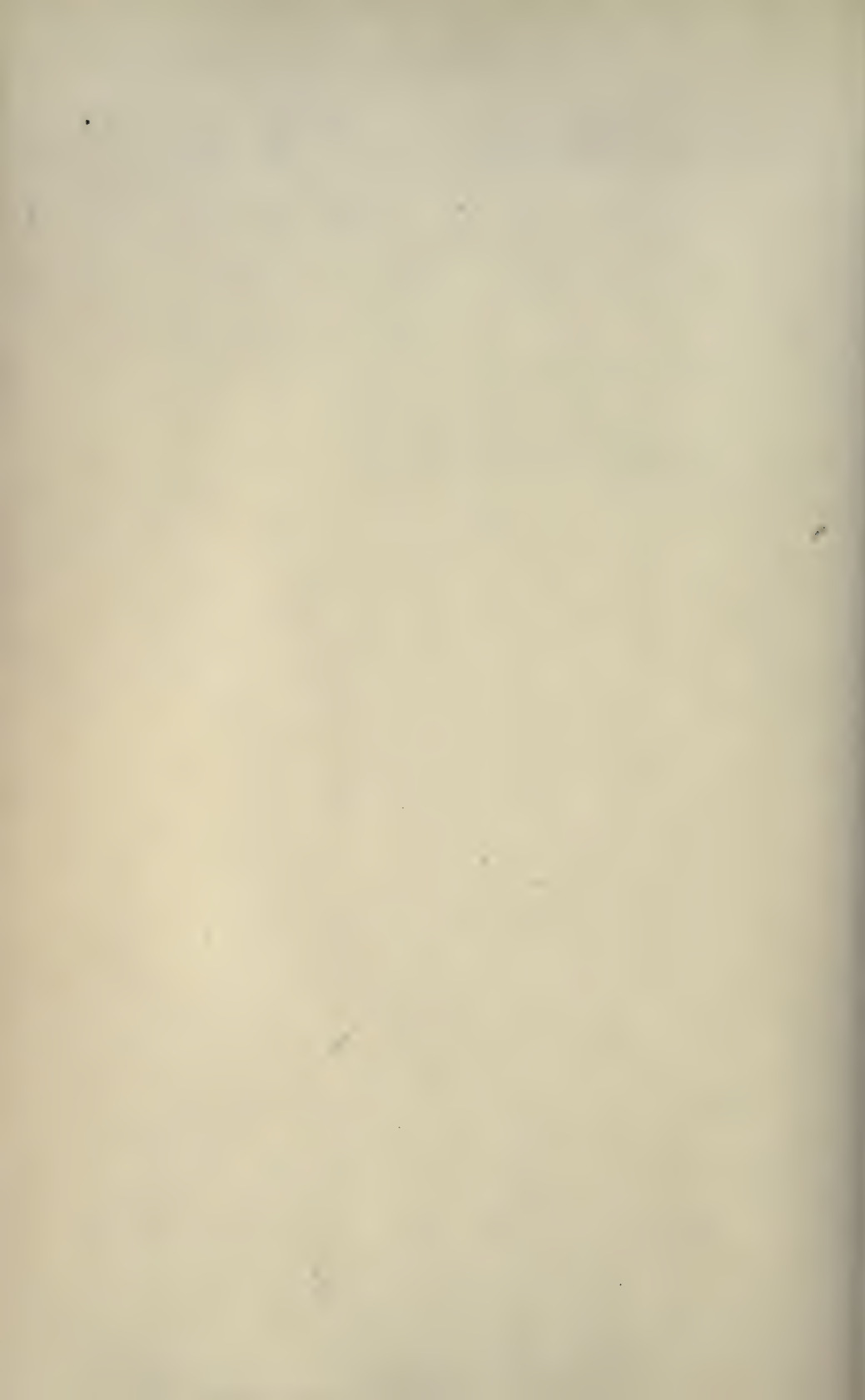
Stuart.

William.

Your Mother. See appendix, *Loch, Mary*.

Your Aunt. See appendix, *Adam, Eleanor*.

H. B., junr. (signature). See Appendix A.



EDINR., 13<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1799.

DEAR LOCH,—I do not know whether you have lately received any letters from our friend Brush Optimax, at any rate you will be glad to learn an opportunity of writing to him. I mean to make up a box of letters, papers, and some things he wants, and send it by an Elsinour vessel, which will sail from Leith in the course of a few days. I shall therefore expect to put a letter from you among the rest. As I believe you have corresponded lately with James Brougham, you must already be acquainted in some degree with his brother's intended tour thro' the North of Europe. I make no doubt you would join with me in wishing to be one of the party. Iceland never gave me a moment's envy, for burning mountains and boiling springs I can form some idea of, that would almost content me without stirring from my own fireside; but Petersburg



and Berlin—well! there's no help for it. They are not worth seeing, says Reynard in the fable, and I am a pupil of his philosophy.

I was sorry to hear from James Stewart, commonly called 'Broad,' that William Adam has been indisposed. I hope he is now recovered; but send him in case of relapse a prescription unfee'd—take no more exercise at ball than quantum suff. and not a drop of cold small beer after it.

All the politicians, and Edinbr. is a very coffee-house, are bothering their sagacious noddles in conjectures over the news of this day: and the balance of power, and the politics of the Court of Berlin, and the machinations of Syeyes, and the cosmopolitism of Paul, are bandied from mouth to mouth with most admirable ease and familiarity.

I can sit content under ignorance of what has been done or is doing, but I feel it more uncomfortable to be ignorant of what one would wish to be done. You are infinitely more of a Continental than I—tell me then whether la

Grande Nation is or is not sufficiently lowered already? Whether there is any possibility of danger to the balance of Europe arising from other quarters? and whether, if you answer both these in the affirmative, it is not the decided interest of Prussia and (thro' Prussia) of other States, to fight not on the same side with Russia? Lighten my darkness, I beseech thee, good Loch. I have been lately engaged in the perusal of two pamphlets, which possibly may not have fallen into your hands: they are printed but not published by the State prisoners at Fort George—one on the state of Ireland, by O'Connor, which I barely skimmed, seems to be a rhapsody; the other contains their report of their examination before the Secret Committees—for they pretend that the Official Report has garbled such of their answers as they deem most important to their country. M'Neven's examination bears marks of vulgarity and no want of assurance; O'Connor's petulant and declamatory; but Emmett's is of a very different stamp indeed. It is truly a

model, and exhibits such an acute and prompt ingenuity, and at the same time such comprehension of political views, as has raised my opinion of his abilities as high as I can suffer my opinion to be raised in the case of a rebel. I think you will not be displeased to have the rest of my letter filled with a few specimens of his answers.

The following is as ingenious a defence of the United System as such a system could admit of; perhaps it is not very profound, but it has the semblance of something like political wisdom, and in that lies its ingenuity.

‘*Mr. Alexander*—How do you hope to hold the people in order and good conduct, when the reins of Government were loosed?

‘*Emmett*—By their equally powerful reins. It was for this purpose that I considered the promoting of the organisation to be a moral duty, having no doubt that a Revolution would and will take place, unless prevented by removing the national grievances. I saw in organisation the only way of preventing its

being such as would give the Nation lasting cause of grief and shame. Whether there be an organisation or not, the Revolution will take place; but if the people will be classed and arranged for the purpose, the control which the heads of their own appointment will have over them, by means of the different degrees of Representation and organs of communication, will, I hope, prevent them from committing those acts of outrage and cruelty which might be expected from a justly irritated, but ignorant and uncontrolled populace.'

The next specimen I give you is of very artful and delicate finesse:

'*Lord Chancellor*—Didn't you think Government very foolish to let you proceed so long as it did?

'*Emmett*—No, my Lord; whatever I imputed to Government, I did not accuse them of folly. I knew we were very attentively watched; but I thought they were right in letting us proceed. I have often said, laughing, among ourselves, that if they did right, they



would pay us for conducting the Revolution, conceiving, as I then did, and still do, that a Revolution is inevitable, unless speedily prevented by very large measures of legislation and Reform. It seemed to me an object to them that it should be conducted by moderate men, of good moral characters, liberal education, and some talent, rather than of intemperate men of bad characters, ignorant and foolish; and into the hands of one or other of those classes it undoubtedly will fall. I also imagined the members of these might be sensible of the difference between the change of the situation being effected by a sudden and violent convulsion and by the more gradual measures of a well-conducted Revolution. If it were effected suddenly by an Insurrection, you would be tumbled at once from your pinnacle; but if a Revolution were gradually accomplished, you would have time to accommodate and habituate yourselves to your new situations. For these reasons, I imagined Government did not wish to irritate and push things forward.'

In some of his replies there is a great deal of wit—‘*beaucoup d’esprit.*’

‘*The Speaker*—You mentioned a reform of the Criminal Code. In what does ours differ from the English?

‘*Emmett*—It seems to me that it would be more advisable, in reviewing our criminal laws, to compare the crime with the punishment, than the Irish code with the English. There is, however, one difference, etc.

‘*Chancellor*—How could you rely on France that she would keep her promises of not interfering with your government?

‘*Emmett*—My reliance, my Lord, was more on the Irish powers than on the French promises ; for I was well convinced, etc.

‘*Sir J. Parnell*—Mr. Emmett, while you and the Executive were philosophising, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was arming and disciplining.

‘*J. G. Beresford*—I knew Lord Edward very well, and always found him very obstinate.

‘*Emmett*—I knew Lord Edward right well,

and have done a great deal of business with him; and have always found, that when he had reliance on the integrity and talents of the person treated with, he was one of the most persuadable men alive; but if he thought a man meant dishonestly or unfairly by him, he was obstinate as a mule.'

These extracts will give you an idea of the whole examination, and a very high idea, I fancy, of the talents of Emmett—' *Si pro patriâ sic.*' It matters very little whether these answers were given extempore exactly as they are now printed; the ideas which run thro' them must have been long familiar to his mind; and if they were composed elaborately in his prison, they form the explanation and apology of a vast design, from the hands of him who, if not the framer, must have become the chief leader of the conspiracy as soon as he joined it.

If you chuse to write to Brougham, send me your letter without delay.

Remember me to William and the Ladies.  
—Yours, F. H.

## FRANCIS HORNER (67-74)

Brush Optimax. See Appendix A.

James Brougham. See appendix, *Brougham, James*.

James Stuart.

Wm. Adam. See appendix, *Adam, William G.*

Syeyes. See appendix, *Sieyès*.

Paul. See appendix, *Paul*.

O'Connor. See appendix, *O'Connor, Arthur*.

M'Neven. See appendix, *MacNeven, Dr.*

Emmett. See appendix, *Emmett, Thomas Addis*.

Mr. Alexander.

Lord Chancellor. See appendix, *Fitzgibbon, John*.

The Speaker. See appendix, *Foster, John*.

Sir J. Parnell.



J. G. Beresford. See appendix, *Beresford, John*.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald. See appendix, *Fitzgerald, Lord E.*

William.

F. H. (signature). See appendix, *Horner, Francis*.

LEITH ROADS,  
*Thursday, 19th Sept. 1799.*

MY DEAR JAMES,—I am here for a day or two; the moment you get this, set off by the short road, and take a boat for the *Durna*—she lies farthest west, but one, of the Baltic fleet. Come, for God sake, as I long to see you before we go; but if you tell a single being about it, I'll never forgive you—not even William—I have just been at home for a little; set off immediately at any hour you receive this.

H. B.

You would do us an infinite favour if you could bring us a *letter* of introduction to any body in Copenhagen or Elsinour, as we don't know a soul there. I shall be much

puzzled how to draw, etc. etc. etc. At every  
other place we are easy. H. B.

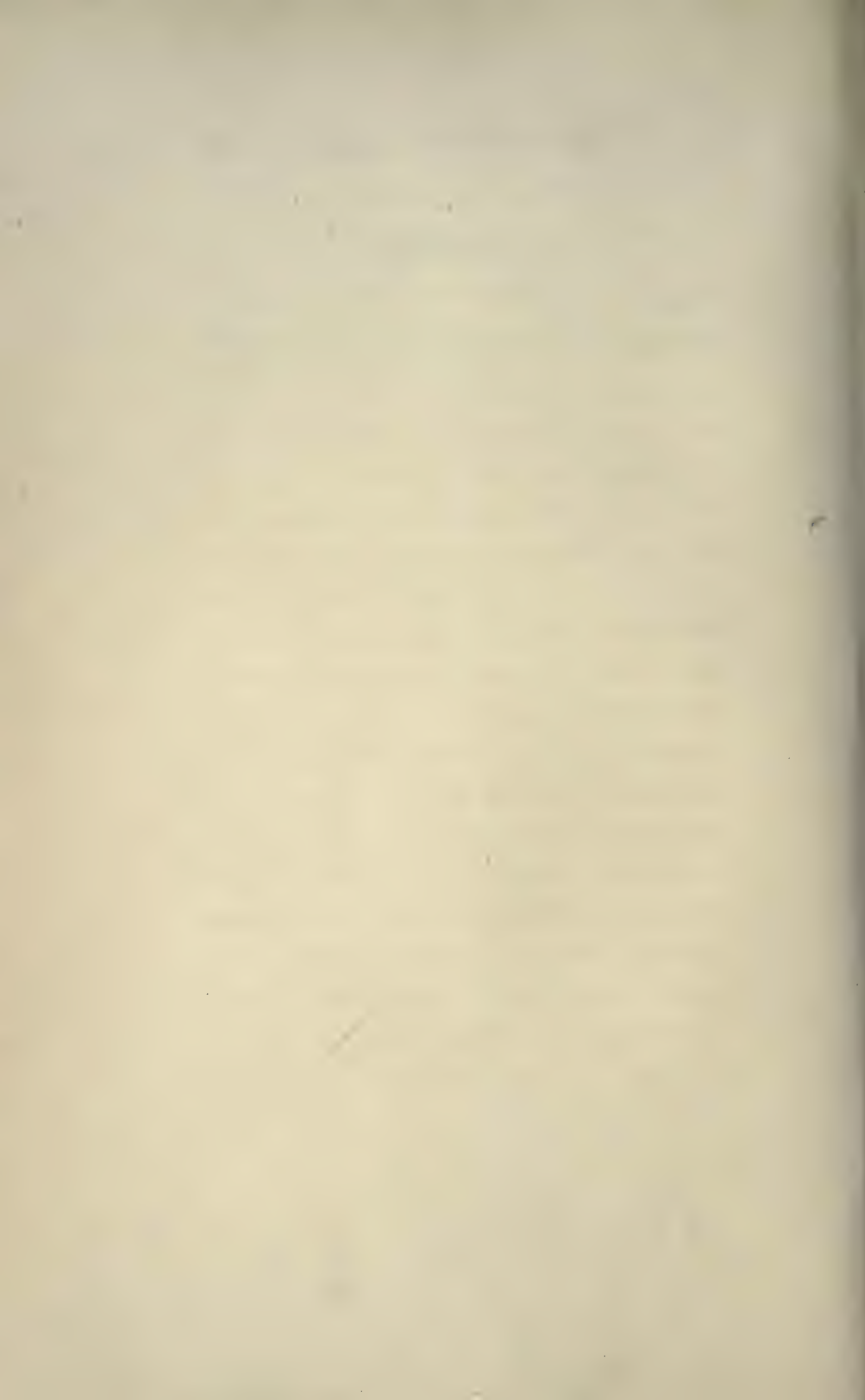
If you can put a set of chessmen in your  
pocket we'll *buy them* from you; or even  
draughts—or pack of cards.

## HENRY BROUGHAM (77-78).

William.

H. B. (signature). Henry Brougham. See Appendix A.





LONDON, *Octr.* 29, 1799.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I am writing to you from my own room, where I have been kept since Sunday night with a sore throat, of the same nature with that which my father had last year. Bowman expected an irruption to appear and, in short, that I was to have scarlet fever; but as all feverish symptoms are gone off and the spots on my throat growing better, I flatter myself all is over, and indeed he says I shall be well before they arrive. I suppose he meant free from infection. I always was against coming here, and you see the moment I arrive I begin to rot, so that I was more in the right than you thought. Francis is perfectly well and Bowman says there is no fear of his catching this by living in the house. He never is allowed to pass the clock. A letter from the D. of York

came here to my father yesterday of the 23rd Octr. I opened it. He says, 'The last time I had the pleasure to see your son he was conducting in a very orderly manner five Hundred French prisoners to the Helder. I suppose he is by this time embarked with his battallion for England.' This is the *best news* for *every body* that I have heard for a long time, and I see by the papers that the 35th Regt. has landed and more transports are in sight.

I forgot to tell you we were obliged to stop a night at N. Allerton owing to this throat of mine. I had then a good deal of fever, but it went off during the night. The Dr. there said my throat was merely owing to cold and not at all infectious, so we proceeded next day. Francis is out with Chas. Horsefield seeing the Lions as I hear. I wish I was *disembarked* as well as the troops, for this is only the second day. I am heartily tired of it. You will admire the wit.—Yours ever,

WM. G. ADAM.

Ld. K. is in town and knows nothing about going, but thinks 3 or 4 days at latest. I hope this will not infect any of you.

*To* JAMES LOCH, Esq.,

Geo. St., Edin.





## WILLIAM G. ADAM (81-83)

My father. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Bowman.

Francis.

D. of York. See appendix, *York, Duke of*.

Your son. See appendix, *Adam, Sir Frederick*.

Charles Horsefield.

Wm. G. Adam (signature). See appendix, *Adam, W. G.*

Ld. K.



LIN. INN, L'D'N., *Novr.* 6, 1799.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I have to pay you a thousand thanks for your last letter, as well as for the agreeable intelligence as for your very good advice, which you may be sure I will follow as often as I have any necessity. I am now, thank God and Mr. Bowman, quite well, but owing to the badness of the weather I am not allowed to go out yet. I hope to-morrow will be the last day of my confinement. Francis is quite well and much delighted with his cocked hat, half boots, and sword. He says London is a nasty, ugly place, but thinks very highly of St. Pauls and both play houses. No news of Fred arrived yet. Abercromby called to say he had a letter from Sir R. of the 31st; he says F. is quite well, but as he is in the rear guard, he will not be at home for a fortnight. Perhaps,



tho', you know this already. We know they must all leave Holland by the 30th. We have nothing here but strong westerly winds and violent rains. Abercr. told me the troops were (as he had been informed) to be brigaded along the coast, and the same General Officer to command as before. He did not hear what the reason was, and some few guards have, however, come to London, and strong reinforcements are to be sent to Ireland. The French Fleet are not out. What gave rise to the report was that two line of battle ships were sent to meet a convoy, and they chased the ship that brought the news home. Drummond, it seems, was wrong. I heard to-day that poor F. Cunninghame's wounds had broken out again in consequence of the very violent sea sickness he suffered. His death would be almost a mercy, yet I hear he expresses a strong desire to live, tho' he has written to Mary Wortley to say that he never can take any share in society again, as he is not a fit object to be seen, and that indeed he c'd not

bear to be looked at. Tell J. Brougham I have spoken to my father about Henry, and that he intends to call on Gen. Stuart, who is in town, and will speak then. It may perhaps be a few days first as to-day is the first day of term. Is any step necessary to ensure me a seat in the Spec. in case I sh'd ever return to Edbr.? If it is, will you take the trouble to get it settled? What a curious fellow Mr. Kennedy is. I always thought him wrong headed, and this return of reason does not make me think otherwise. I hope he will not go wrong again. I suppose Bob Paten is installed in his office by this time—it is a source of diversion to both Francis and I—hope he will do well. We had a visit from B. Mitchell; he is going to Portsmouth for a few days. There is a report that Admiral Mitchell is superseded in consequence of some violent proceeding in Holland, which was supposed to break the Convention. I can scarcely believe it. I hope Jas. Loch's story is not true; it appears to me hardly possible,

tho' one of his sisters in law said he would not do for a soldier, he ought to turn a painter. Remember me to all at Geo. St. and to Brougham, Horner, etc. Shepherds came to town on Thursday. Frank and my father dined there on Friday; all well and still delighted.—I am, yours most sincerely,

WM. G. ADAM.

*To* JAMES LOCH, Esq.,  
George Street, Edinbr.

## WILLIAM G. ADAM (87-90)

Mr. Bowman.

Francis.

Fred. See appendix, *Adam, Sir Frederick*.

Abercromby. See appendix, *Abercromby, James*.

Drummond.

F. Cunninghame.

Mary Wortley.

J. Brougham. See appendix, *Brougham, James*.

Henry. See Appendix A.

General Stuart. See appendix, *Stuart, General*.

Speculative. See appendix, *Speculative Society*.

Mr. Kennedy.

Bob Paten.

B. Mitchell.

Admiral Mitchell. See appendix, *Mitchell, Sir Andrew*.

James Loch.

Horner. See appendix, *Horner, Francis*.

Shepherds.

My father. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Wm. G. Adam (signature). See appendix, *Adam, W. G.*





LONDON, *Decr.* 7, 1799.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I dare say you think I shall never be tired of writing or suppose that you are as well satisfied to be bored with my letter as I am to write. But I can make no other apology than I have done before, and can only say my feelings and opinions are the same. I was sorry to see by the note in the Newspaper that you were still complaining. I hope it is of no consequence, and will soon go away. We expect Freds name to be in the *Gazette* to-day. I wish it was the third Regt. instead of the Coldstreams; you will know why, and undoubtedly call me a Fool. Fred and I dine at Albemarle Street to-day with Major and Mrs. Robertson. I think she is very pretty, tho' a little Highland. Bruce Mitchell is going to the play with Clemy and my Mother to Mr. Coutts Box at Clemys

particular desire. I am going to a Ball with him next week on board his ship, but I do not know the day. He is just what he was, a most capital fellow, and had a Genl. Tryon and wife for passengers out to India. This goes by Mr. Hunter in Johns Cocoa nut. I have no news to tell for (as I have said before) I am always at Tidds. There seldom has been so famous a sitting as the present at Guildhall. There is 154 causes on the paper, and Erskine has a score under 127 already, many of them special juries. I saw Shepherd and Mrs. S. lately; both desire to be particularly remembered to you. Is John Wylde never to be removed; it is very shameful. I suppose Clephane is with Hume this year, but I have not heard a word of any body for this age. I suppose you think I write enough for all, and I dare say you are affraid getting more letters. I had a most curious conversation with a man of the name of Sheldon (an attorney, I believe) about Junius. He says he was his bosom friend, and is at present in

possession of his secrets, for Junius died about a year ago. He was (he says) a man of great family and fortune, but spent all his money, not however before he wrote Junius. He also wrote a pamphlet about Dr. Johnson and several letters on the American war under the title of Domitian. Sheldon says upon his honor this is true, and that he had the revision of the papers before they were printed to see there was no libellous matter in them. Lord Camdens paper under the name of Scevola was a great means of silencing Junius, but he refused £800 a yr from Lord North, who had some suspicion of the man. All he will say as to the man is, that he is not Boyd as is supposed, but that his life for which he is to furnish the private anecdotes is writing, and to be out by Spring. In that life the man I name who gave it and the method he had of getting official intelligence is told. The giver of it, he says, died of a broken heart in consequence. This is a strange story, but whether true or not, nobody can say. Sheldon is an



old man and decent in his appearance. I saw him at Tidds; they are friends. I dare say you will be tired, so will leave off with begging you to do as you have been kind enough to do with the enclosure.—Yours ever,

W. G. ADAM.

*To* JAMES LOCH, Esq.,  
George Street, Edinr.

## WILLIAM G. ADAM (93-96)

Fred. See appendix, *Adam, Sir Frederick*.

Major and Mrs. Robertson.

Bruce Mitchell.

Clemy,

My Mother. See appendix, *Adam, Eleanor*.

Mr. Coutts. See appendix, *Coutts, Thomas*.

General Tryon.

Mr. Hunter.

Tidds. See appendix, *Tidd, William*.

Erskine. See appendix, *Erskine, Thomas*.

Shepherd.

Mrs. Shepherd.

John Wylde.

Clephane. See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew*.

Hume. See appendix, *Hume, David*.

Sheldon.

Junius. See appendix, *Junius*.

Dr. Johnson. See appendix, *Johnson, Samuel*.

Lord Camden. See appendix, *Camden, Lord*.

Scevola. See appendix, *Camden, Lord*.

Lord North. See appendix, *North, Lord*.

Boyd. See appendix, *Boyd, Hugh*.

W. G. Adam (signature). See appendix, *Adam, William G*.

L'N I'N F's,

*Jany. 27, 1800.*

MY DEAR JAMES,—I am very happy to say that my Mother gains strength every day. She is now in the Drawing Room and was brought in there on the Sofa.

I am very much obliged for the Tunes you sent me; I think them all pretty, but one of the Songs extremely pretty. The Reason my Father calls Fred the *Ciptaan* is that it is meant by way of *Goick*, which is not very easily spelt.

Fred was on Guard yesterday and attended the King to the Play in the evening, walking at the head of 30 men. He sat in the Box above the King. I should like to have seen him.

I think poor Frank's Idea of my Uncle's being so cross that he will not let him get the *Wild Ass to tame* is very good, for indeed it



would be rather difficult *to tame a Wild Ass*.  
My Aunt Mary says she shall write that to  
the Admiral.

I gave your message to my Father ; he said,  
' Well, now, I think we shall get the Trees  
Cross Cut.'

I saw Capt. Mitchell to-day, he is looking  
much better and his *Romantics* quite gone.—  
Love to all. I am, dear James, Your very  
affect. Cousin,

CLEMENTINA ADAM.

To JAMES LOCH, Esq.

## CLEMENTINA ADAM (99-100)

My mother. See appendix, *Adam, Eleanor*.

My father. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Fred. See appendix, *Adam, Sir Frederick*.

Frank.

My uncle.

Aunt Mary. See appendix, *Loch, Mary*.

The Admiral.

Capt. Mitchell.

Clementina Adam (signature).



LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS,

*Tuesday, 25th Feby. 1800.*

I HAVE written so often to your Mother since I have been here, My Dear James, that it was unnecessary to write to you at the same time, and I only do it now to indulge myself, in hopes I shall hear from you in return, for believe me, My Dear James, that you and the other inhabitants of your house are seldom absent from my mind, and that your Dear Uncle feels for you all as if you were his own children.

He has not been obliged to go to Guildhall to-day, which I am glad of; it is a vile, thick east wind, and as he has much to do in the Ho. of Lords, I am sure he will be better without Guildhall. He slept better last night than he has done at all, and looks better to-day, and I think upon the whole, was better



yesterday in spirits. He gave us of his own accord last night a long account of a curious Cause he had for a man yesterday, and did it as he used to do. I don't know whether he has to speak to-day or not. But I hope he will have less of the nervousness upon his voice than he had last time he spoke. He goes to Hertford on Monday, but will have to return several times both for the Ho. of Lords and Commons. When he goes to Sussex we are to go to Hampton, which I shall like very well, but I do not think either Fred or Clemy relish it much. Willm. does not care. I hope we are to have Elizath. of the party, as it makes such a difference to Clema. and all of us. Willm. has just been with the Italian master, and is now gone to Tydd's, and afterwards, to McIntoshes'. He is not quite pleased with him; he says he is so violent in his opinions about French principles, etc., which you know was once his own way of thinking so completely that it comes with a worse grace from him than it would from another.

Wm. dined yesterday with J. Abercromby at a Club of Lawyers at the Crown and Anchor. W. Murray of Henderland was one. He seemed to like it very well, and came home more in raptures, if possible, than ever with Abercromby for his spirit and independance. W. opens the question to-morrow evening at Tydd's upon the Bankrupt Laws ; he seems to be in a fidget about it, but I daresay he will do it as well as possible.

Fred is on Guard to-day ; he is obliged to take the guards of other people now, as they have been doing duty for him for some time. You have no idea how well he looks in his uniform ; he is a great deal thinner and rather taller than I am.

Your Uncle heard a curious anecdote yesterday, that the King had abused Dundas at the Levee about the Militia Business. Dundas was standing next to FitzGibbon, the Irish Chancellor, so after His M. had gone on abusing D. for some time, D. said a word or two and then burst out into a Horse laugh.

'This is rather strange,' says the Chancellor, after the K. had left them.

'Oh, we must not mind it,' says the other, 'we must laugh it off.'

'It is very lucky if you can laugh it off, Mr. Dundas,' said the Chancr., and left him.

Did you ever hear of such a Brazen face?

You will see that Mr. Pitt tells us that we are in a most prosperous state in his speech on the Budget. Your Uncle says he never heard so much nonsense spoken.

Your Uncle is going to-day to the Duke of Orleans on some Business, I don't know what, but he has had letters from him before he came to Britain. All that you see in the newspaper about his recantations and blame of Mme. Genlis is perfect nonsense. Count D'Artois lives next door to Mr. Elphinstone in Welbeck Street.

Will you send up, first opportunity you have, a copy of Bruce's Poems, the man that lived at Gairny Bridge. It is for Tom Erskine, and you may send on another Almanack that

has the Spec. in it, for this one has it not.

I am glad H. B. is returned. I hope he will now settle to Business. C. Stewart says he talked of passing immediately. He says he is the Cleverest man he ever knew, but the least steady. He is applying very close. Frank Cunninghame, I am told, is to be married to one of the Wortleys; we think it must be Louisa for nobody would think of marrying Mary. Adieu, my Dear James, my affectionate Love to your Mother and Dear Brothers. Remember me kindly to And. Clephane.—  
Yours ever most truly affecte.,      L. ADAM.

*To* JAMES LOCH, Esqre.,  
George Street,  
Edinr.





## LOUISA ADAM (103-107)

Your mother. See appendix, *Loch, Mary*.

Your dear uncle. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Fred. See appendix, *Adam, Sir Frederick*.

Clemy.

Willm. See appendix, *Adam, William G*.

Elizath.

Tydd's. See appendix, *Tidd, William*.

M'Intoshes.

J. Abercromby.

W. Murray.

Dundas. See appendix, *Dundas, Henry*.

FitzGibbon. See appendix, *Fitzgibbon, John*.

Mr. Pitt. See appendix, *Pitt, William*.

Duke of Orleans.

Mme. Genlis. See appendix, *Genlis, Comtesse de*.

Count D'Artois.

Mr. Elphinstone.

Bruce. See appendix, *Bruce, Michael*.

Tom Erskine. See appendix, *Erskine, Thomas*.

Spec. See appendix, *Speculative Society*.

H. B. Henry Brougham. See Appendix A.

C. Stewart.

Frank Cunninghame.

Louisa Wortley.

Andrew Clephane. See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew*.

L. Adam (signature).

MANCHESTER, 27th Feby. 1800.

DEAR JAMES,—I received to-day your truly melancholy letter concerning the death of your amiable aunt, and my ever dear and worthy friend Thos. Adam, indeed, my Dear Friend, I am almost tempted by her (always) unusual kindness to me to say, the death of my Dear Mother, for I assure you she always has acted as a parent to me, and thank God my heart is of that kind that makes me feel as one of her children, at losing her. However, there is one thing which is comfort to her numerous friends, that is the idea that a woman like her never can suffer in the next world. Your poor Uncle—how I do pity him, his great fondness for his wife and children, seemed to be the only thing that occupied his mind, and I fancy you agree with me that very few men are blessed with such a family,



that I fear it will be a long time before he recovers himself; your Aunt Louisa being with him will be of very great service in alleviating his distress and that of poor William, Frederick, and Clemy; as for poor little Fattun, the dear little fellow is hardly come to that time of life to feel thoroughly on the occasion. I shan't, my good fellow, look upon this as a letter in answer to yours of a very distant date, but will write you very soon. I am going to London on Saturday *alone* for a few days; my kindest compliments to your mother, and believe me, ever your sincere friend,

HUGH HOUSTOUN.

## HUGH HOUSTOUN (111-112)

Thos. Adam. See appendix, *Adam, Eleanor*.

Your poor uncle. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Aunt Louisa.

William. See appendix, *Adam, William G.*

Frederick. See appendix, *Adam, Sir Frederick*.

Clemy.

Fattun.

Hugh Houstoun (signature).



L. I. FIELDS,

*March 13th, 1800.*

MY DEAR JAMES,—From what your Mother said to me in her letter yesterday I rather think you will be in Edinr. alone when this arrives (or at least only with the Dr., who is worse than nobody), I therefore address this to you.

I am sure it is very meritorious in you to give up the satisfaction of going to Cumbernauld for your studies as I am sure you like so much to go there, but you do what is right, I am sure, always, and what every one must approve.

I hope your Mother, etc., will have good weather for their expedition, and that Mackenzie will return with them. We have had rain and fog for two days; I am not sorry the frost is gone, I do assure you, but I am sorry the roads will be so bad for our poor Dear



Captain's March. He left us before seven this morning and marchd. before eight. They go to Epsom to-night and will be at Portsmouth on teusday, and by Halting at Horsham all Sunday, His Father will be able to see him again, which I am very glad of indeed. He was attended to the Horse Guards by Torrence, who Marchd. with him all the way to Vauxhall.

How do you like the Capt. and his *friend*? Frank (Fred's servt.) had Andrew and William to attend him, so I daresay there was not a Captn. better lookd. after or more thought of, for Torrence assures me he lookd. at them all, but he saw none that lookd. so well as *His Worship* which is Torrence's name for him. William is off for St. Anne's in style in a Chaise; he could not get a Stage Coach to take him up in time, else he wd. not have been quite so magnificent.

He went away half quaking with fear and pleasure. He had a letter from Charles Fox yesterday, telling him how glad he should be

to see him, and desiring him to bring a Greek play with him that he wanted. William got it, and one for himself the same time, that he might rub up his Greek a little before he got to St. Anne's in case C. spoke to him about it. He was praying that he might have some body with him to-day, and that they might leave them all alone to-morrow, when he had got over his first *tower*.

He means to stay with him till teusday, when he comes to Hampton to us; we go there to-morrow; I am very glad of it, for this is a dull House without our two *Beaux*, but I believe Eliz. and Clema. would much rather stay where they are.

I am all anxiety to see J. Brougham's Answer to William's letter. I am sure I wish Peter may accept both for his own sake, and that after the way Willm. and his Uncle have both acted, it would be a pity if it was to be of no use.

I have a letter from your Uncle at Maidstone this moment.

He says he is well in spite of having a good deal of fagging. I was quite afraid of his being the worse of going to Maidstone, as two years ago he had your Dear Aunt and Tat. with him, but he says after the first night he has had longer intervals of composure than he has had at all. He is to come home to-morrow.

I hope you were not the worse of your Blair excursions, and that the fields let well. I hope there is no fear but that your Uncle will get Kely Bridge; it would be terrible if he did not. I suppose you know that the bargain for Roscobin is concluded at £10,000. Mr. W. has the half of the Lime with a break at the end of 20 years. I hope it will turn out a good purchase; the money is almost all ready, that is, it will be, when wanted; it is to be paid by installments — this is all private history for yourselves.

When does Horner come to town? I think William seems to promise himself much pleasure from his being here.

Surely what we thought so odd about Kinnaird must have been the weakness the Fever left, which is not uncommon, for it is entirely gone off, I understand.

Have you read Charles Fox's speech as publishd by Debrett? I hear there never was anything so fine. I have not seen it, for it is odd enough to say that the only copy we have seen was J. Abercromby's, who lent it to your Uncle to take the Circuit with him. At the end is printed—'This speech was not answered.' To which Abercromby had added in pen and ink—'And it is unanswerable.' He is a fine, independant creature.

Adieu, my Dear James. I daresay you think I have Haverd long enough to you, so I shall finish.

Believe me, your ever most Affect. Aunt,

L. ADAM.

No word of H. Houstoun.

To JAMES LOCH, Esq.,

George Street,

Edinr.







## LOUISA ADAM (115-119)

Your Mother. See appendix, *Loch, Mary*.

Mackenzie.

Dear Captain. See appendix, *Adam, Sir Frederick*.

His Father. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Torrence.

Frank.

Andrew.

William.

William. See appendix, *Adam, W. G.*

Charles Fox. See appendix, *Fox, Charles*.

Eliz.

Clema.

J. Brougham. See appendix, *Brougham, James*.

Peter.

His Uncle.

Dear Aunt. See appendix, *Adam, Eleanor*.

Tat.

Mr. W.

Horner. See appendix, *Horner, Francis*.

Kinnaird.

Debrett. See appendix, *Debrett, John*.

J. Abercromby. See appendix, *Abercromby, James*.

L. Adam (signature).

H. Houstoun.

L. I. FIELDS, *March 14/1800.*

MY DEAR JAMES,—I must again address myself to you, William not being in town to manage his own affairs, and this will not admit of any delay.

It is to say that Mr. Elphinstone came here last night to tell William that he had procured the Cadetcy for him, and that he wished Peter Brougham to hold himself in readiness to set off for London whenever he is written to. It may be in two days, and he may not be wanted for some weeks, as all depends upon when ships are likely to sail.

Mr. E. says they will be constantly going for six weeks to come. He advises him to get nothing in Scotland, as he will be cheaper and better provided here than he can be in Edinr. at a Slop Shop. Therefore it would be a pity to have the expence of carrying

them from Edinr. All he has to do is to bring a Certificate of his age. Mr. E. does not know whether it will be for Madras or Calcutta, but I rather think it will be the last, in which case John Adam will be able to introduce him to acquaintances. Besides, he may depend on having letters of recommendation given him to people who can be of use to him. I am afraid his Father and Mother will think it has all come upon them in a great hurry, and so it has, more than even we expected. But upon the whole I believe it is as well they have not too long a time to think of it.

Will you give my love to Mrs. Syme and Mrs. Brougham, and tell them if I can be of any use to Peter when he is in town, it will give me a real pleasure.

Your Uncle came this morning to breakfast, he says he has been pretty well.

I have a letter from our Captain to-day from Epsom. They got there safe and sound between two and three yesterday.

This is a fine, clear, sharp day for marching, so I hope they will get on well.

I have no news to send you. You see there are more Guards ordered to be ready to go [to] the Mediterranean. They talk, too, of an expedition to Bellisle. I trust Fred will not go there. What do they expect from it now the Chouans are dispersed? They know best who send them.

Adieu, my Dearest James. Write directly about Peter Brougham.—Your most truly  
Affect.,

L. ADAM.

To JAMES LOCH, Esq.





## LOUISA ADAM (123-125)

William. See appendix, *Adam, W. G.*

Mr. Elphinstone.

Peter Brougham.

John Adam. See appendix, *Adam, John.*

His Father.

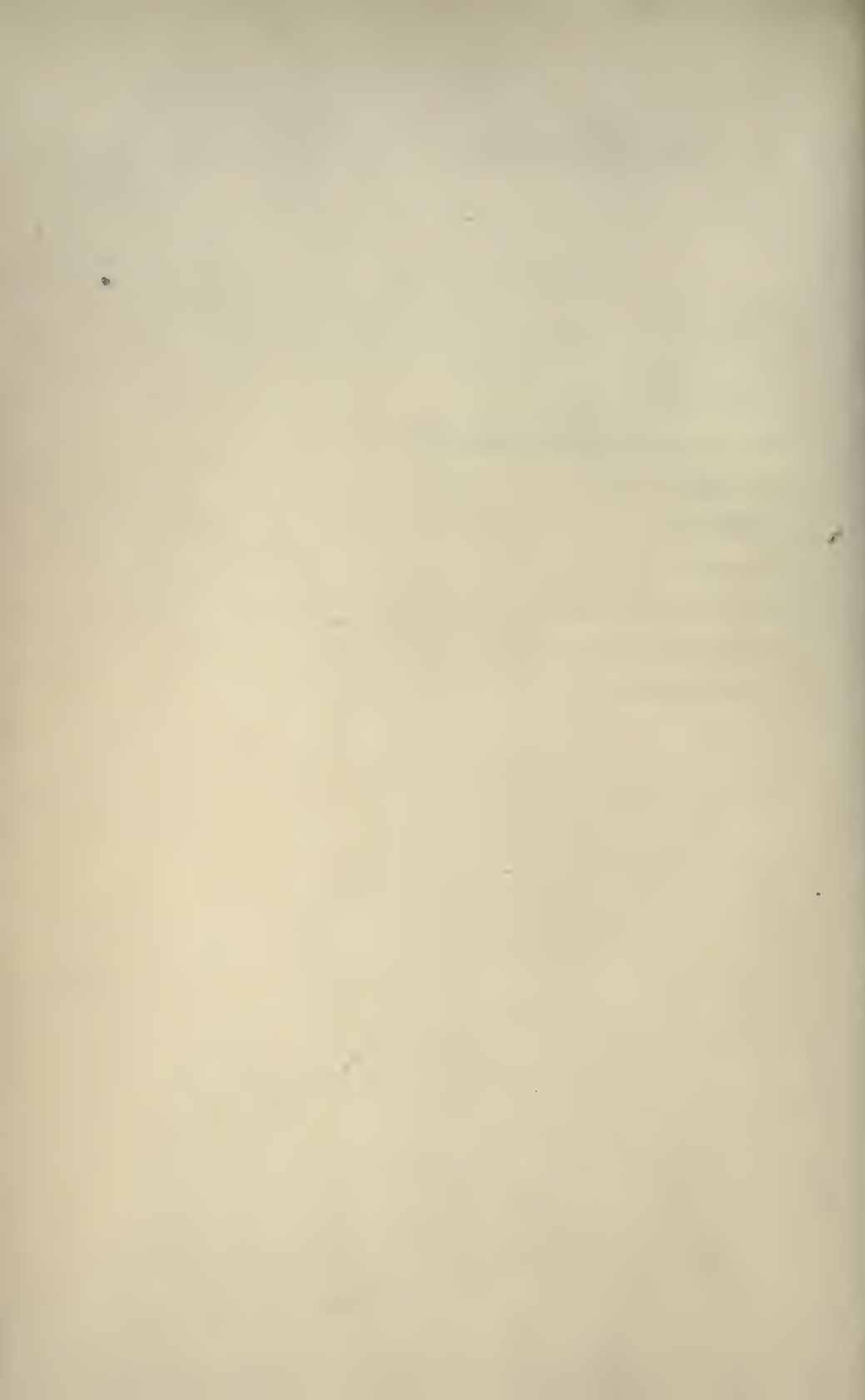
His Mother.

Mrs. Syme.

Your Uncle. See appendix, *Adam, William.*

Our Captain. See appendix, *Adam, Sir Frederick.*

L. Adam (signature).



HAMPTON COURT,  
MONDAY, 20th March 1800.

MY DEAR JAMES,—As my Father wrote in answer to your last letter to me, I thought it needless to write too.

I went to St. Anne's on thursday, as you know; a more charming week I hardly ever spent, for as there was nobody there but myself (except on two days), I saw how he lived when alone, which was the thing I most desired.

I don't know how retirement may suit other great men, but I will be bound for it that Fox was never so happy before; he seems to have forgot politics altogether, for I hardly heard him speak upon the subject once, not even with Ld. Robt. Spencer, who is as likely a man as anybody to induce him to do so.

Botany, books and poetry were the chief subjects of his conversation, and by the bye,

he thinks the *Pleasures of Hope* the best poem he has seen these many years.

Mrs. A. always takes a great share in the conversation, and he seems extremely attached to her indeed, and listens to everything she says with more attention, and shews a greater wish to please her than you generally see when people have been so long together. We generally breakfasted a little after nine, and then he read the newspaper aloud all through except the debates in the B. Parl.; after that they went upstairs where Mrs. A. played on the harp, and C. F. read a Greek play, but as I plainly saw Mrs. A. disliked playing before any one, of course I did not intrude.

Towards the middle of the day we all went out and walked about the hill and garden, where they were much occupied in some improvements; during our walks he had always something to say about his trees or his sheep or upon some such subject, and it was only when I asked any question about what he



thought of public affairs (which I frequently did), that he seemed to pay attention whatever to them.

At half-past four we dined, and he and I did not sit long after the ladies, for you must know his daughter, Miss Harriet, is with them; and upon going upstairs the first day I saw a little reading desk upon the table, and on it a volume of Burnett's *Own Times*, which he read aloud till teatime; after that I read aloud till about nine when we adjourned to cacino for a little while, or sometimes read on till half-past ten when we went to bed. The reading Burnett is preparatory to his writing the history of this country from the restoration downwards as far as the death of Geo. 2nd, if he thinks it advisable to come so low, and the first chapter is nearly finished which is a review of the preceeding reigns.

But this is not generally known, and he does not wish that it should be, so of course you will not mention it. It has been in contemplation for some time back, but the last

time my father and I were there he had not decided whether he would write on Modern or Ancient times, or indeed whether he would do it at all. Since it is fairly begun, however, I hope he [will] continue it. Mrs. A. is strong for going on as fast as possible, but he complains of the vast labours in reading all that has been written upon that subject, and I must say he has good reason.

I thought you might like to hear how *Charles* past his time, so I have *scribed this brief* to you and do pray write me one in return; it is an age since you have done so. Many thanks for your plan of Edinr.; I am happy you have not forgot where a certain house stands, I know I never shall. We have not heard from Fred yet. I am going to Kingston to see my Father.—Yours ever,

WM. G. ADAM.

To JAMES LOCH, Esq.,  
George Street,  
Edinr.

## WILLIAM G. ADAM (129-132)

My father. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Fox. See appendix, *Fox, Charles*.

Ld. Robert Spencer.

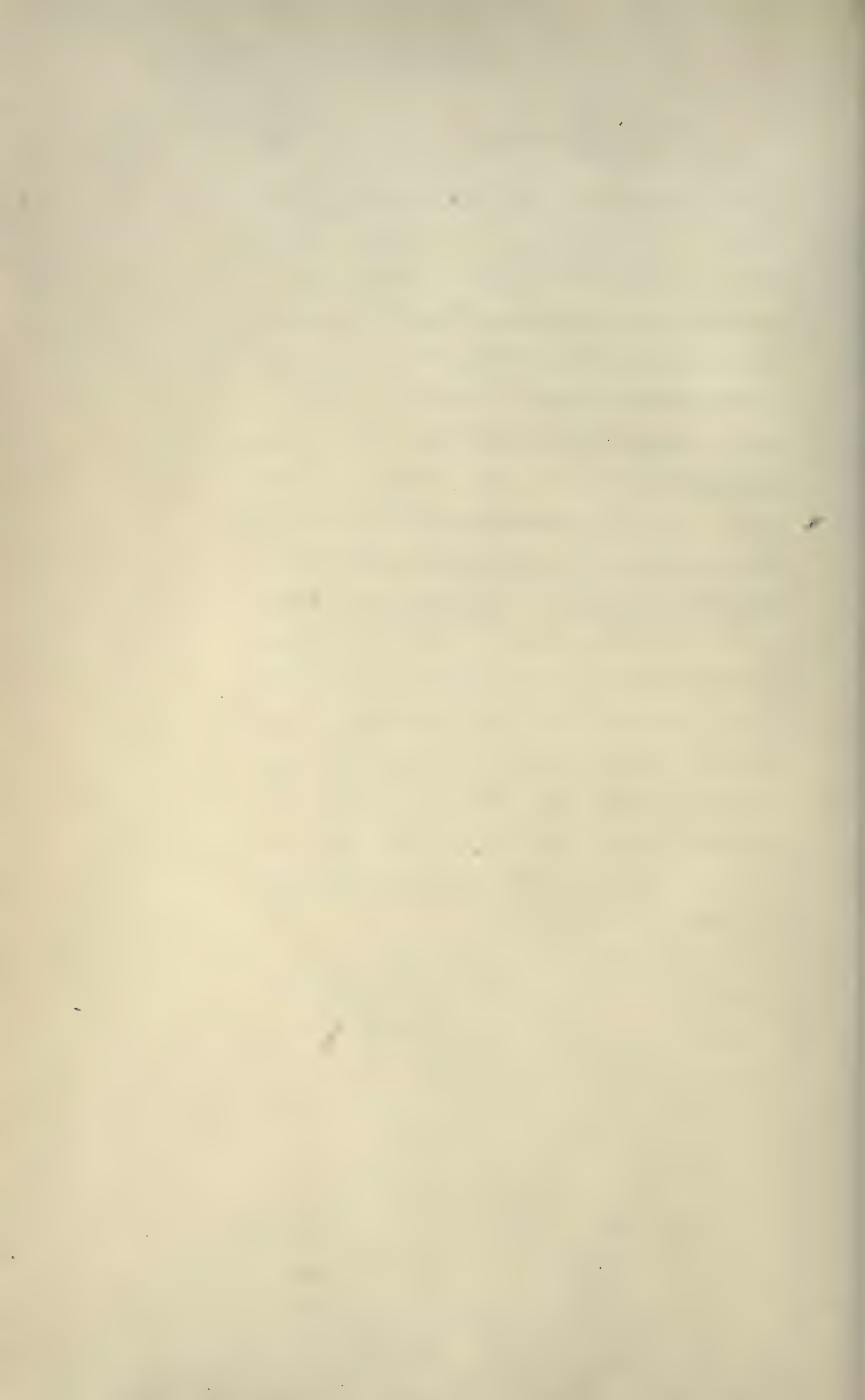
Mrs. A. See appendix, *Armistead, Mrs.*

Miss Harriet.

Burnett. See appendix, *Burnet, Gilbert*.

Fred. See appendix, *Adam, Sir Frederick*.

Wm. G. Adam (signature). See appendix, *Adam, W. G.*



L. I. FIELDS, *May* 15, 1800.

MY DEAR JAMES,—Many thanks for your notes yesterday and to-day. I hope I shall hear to-morrow of yr. Mother having got safe to Cumld.; but in spite of the quantity of baggage you say they had, I do not think they would stick by the way.

How do you like living à la Bachelor? I daresay not very well.

Have you any Idea when you are to pass your trials?

Let us hear about them. I hope you will go to them at Cumberd. some time before they leave it.

Your Uncle's Lumbago is much better yesterday and to-day, and his stomach has been better for some days than for a long while before, which I am sure is wonderfull, for he never has one minute of relaxation



from Business from six in the morning till eleven at night, which I cannot help thinking is too much for anybody.

He has been saved from the Ho. of Lords for some days past by the Chancellor's illness—who has never recovered. the Dinner of Scotch Advocates, where I fancy he drank more than he ought to have done. He has had the Gout all over him ever since, and yesterday was all over Spasms.

It was reported he was going to Kingdom-come (as Sandy Seton says), but he may recover this as he has done many former attacks.

Lord Eldon will succeed if it should happen, and it is said in that case that our next neighbour will be made Solit. Genl. It will be ill bestowed I think.

Judge Buller's resignation is signed, and I understand Graham is to be Judge.

I wonder who the Prince of Wales will make his Solit. Genl. Many people have told your Uncle that it is to be him, but he says

he does not believe it. So we had better say nothing till we see what he does. It is merely a feather in one's cap—the Salary is not above £150 per ann.

We have heard nothing of William since he went to school. I did not bid him write till the end of the week. Our present plan is, if the weather keeps fine, to take a Hackney Coach on Sunday and take some cold meat with us and go to Richmond and dine, calling by the way at the Doctor's to get the little boys, and leaving them as we come home.

James Brougham will tell you all about us. He set off yesterday morning for Windsor; he expected to get to Oxford last night. From that he goes to Birmingham, and cross the country to Manchester and Liverpool, and so down the west road; so that he did not expect to reach Edinr. till the begining of June. I assure you he is much regretted by every member of this house; if he had heard your Uncle last night his ears would have tingled.

Pray give my best Compts. to nurse, and tell her I saw her son James at Lord Dundas's yesterday. He is quite well, and says his wife is well.

I wish with all my heart we heard from Ld. Keith again, tho' we cannot expect it yet. If Buonaparte sends an army down upon them in time I think *Milas* will be in a scrape. Your Uncle bids me say he thinks T. Henderson may get a temporary rail put up to keep horses and carts off the new Shrubbery. He cannot imagine why Thomas H. is finishing before Mr. Bruce is. Can you tell the reason? He ordered it otherwise.

Lord K. writes Mrs. R. that he has had a terrible work to keep Adam from being tried by Court-Martial. He is so beastly dirty, neither washes nor combs himself, that no one can live with him, and an idiot in the bargain.—Yours ever most affecte.,

L. ADAM.

I trust to yr. letting yr. Mother hear of us.

John Adam's friend Mr. Scott is Marryd to Dd. Scott's wife's Dr.—a Miss Jervas. He was engaged to her when he went, and is come home to make it out. He is going to Scotd.

*To* JAMES LOCH, Esq.





## LOUISA ADAM (135-139).

Your Mother. See appendix, *Loch, Mary*.

Your Uncle. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

The Chancellor.

Sandy Seton.

Lord Eldon. See appendix, *Scott, John, Lord Eldon*.

Judge Buller. See appendix, *Buller, Sir Francis*.

Graham.

William.

James Brougham. See appendix, *Brougham, James*.

Lord Dundas.

Ld. Keith.

*Milas*.

T. Henderson.

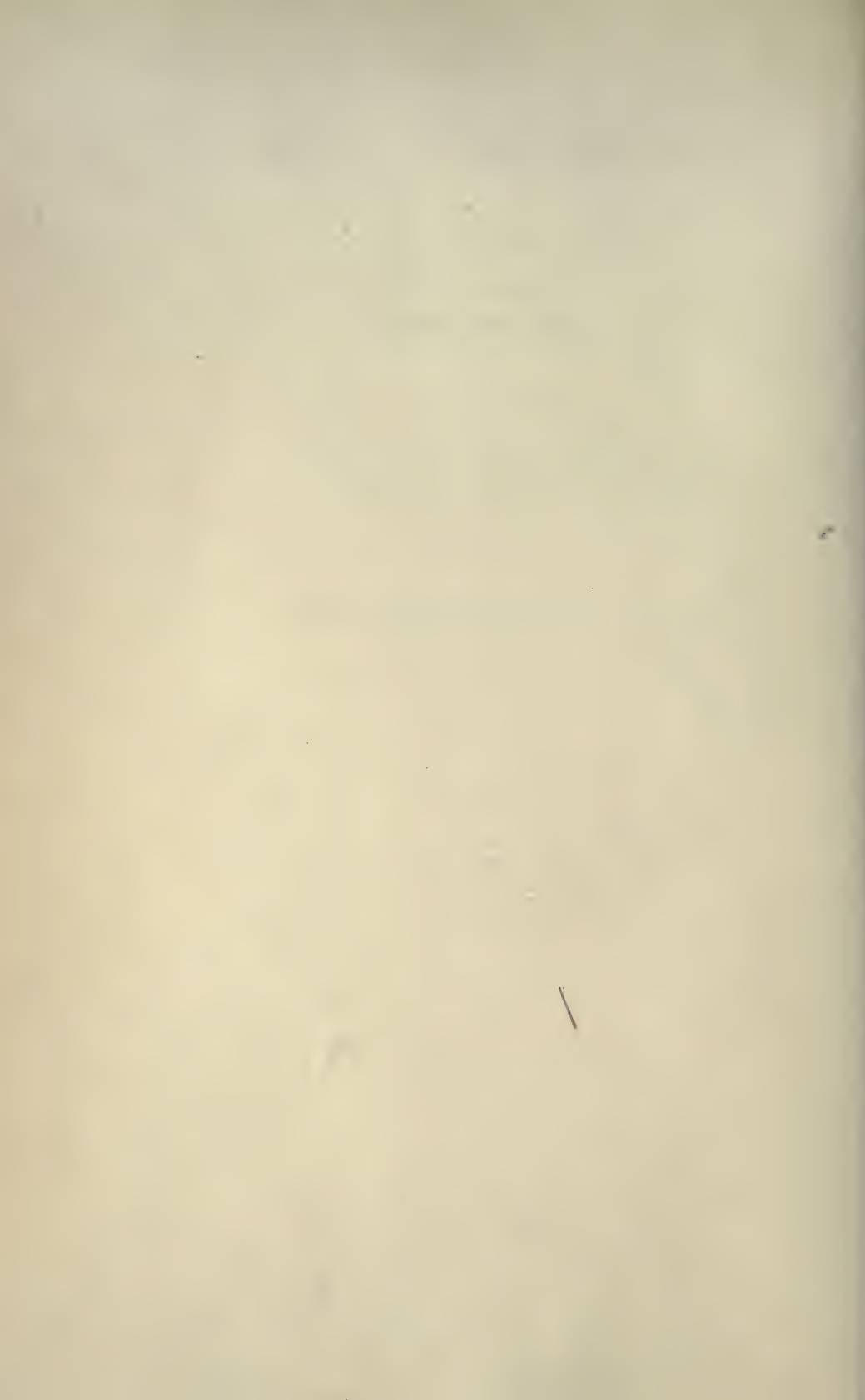
L. Adam (signature).

John Adam. See appendix, *Adam, John*.

Mr. Scott.

Dd. Scott.

Miss Jervas.



EDINR., 23<sup>rd</sup> June 1800.

I HAVE been looking out these some days past for the sight of your handwriting, but I suppose you are, like the lawyers in vacation time, sleeping from day to day, not recollecting how time goes. I am very much aware that there are few occurrences in your part of the globe which would at all bear to be exported, yet the knowledge of your health and your mother's will always be acceptable to your friends here. Tho' I am in this busy town, yet you need not be astonished when I tell you that there have occurred few incidents which will bear repetition or will be in any way interesting to you. Therefore, expect nothing—'Blessed are they that expect nothing for they shall not be deceived.' I don't know if this is in the Bible or not; if it is,

it will be something for you to do to find out where. I have just returned from the Court of Justiciary, where the trial of a man of the name of Maxwell, serjt. in Dumfries Militia, for sedition, was to have taken place, but as the man pled Guilty the trouble of going thro' the trial was saved, to the great disappointment of me as well as that of his learned Council. The Council were James Fergusson, James Graham, and Henry Brougham. B. was to have discussed the relevancy, but was saved the trouble by the confession of the pannel. B. had prepared a long and learned harrangue, for the express purpose, as he acknowledges, of bringing himself into notice. The vast number of books he carried with him serving only to enhance the joke against him. He said a few words, however, differing on a point of law with regard to the power of the Lord Advocate. The punishment for sedition is either pointed out by Common Law or by

express statute—the latter milder than the former, and on the account of the contrition and repentance, and confession of the pannel, the Ld. Advte. was willing to adopt the latter mode of punishment. B. contended that the Ld. Advte. had it not in his power to restrict the libel; therefore he suggested a third mode, viz. that of deserting the diet and afterwards restricting the libel to a lenient punishment. He instanced a case (in 1643) of murder, where the public prosecutor wished to restrict the libel to ‘beating and bruising the deceased,’ going away altogether from the crime of murder. This you will readily see was quite a different case and changing the nature of the crime, which could evidently not be done without dismissing the diet and serving with a new indictment. This observation of B.’s might therefore have been spared. The Ld. Advocate was rather a little annoyed by being so attacked by, as he termed him, ‘my youngest brother at the Bar.’



The Just. Clerk explained the difference of the cases, but I could easily see by B.'s face that he was not convinced.

The Court proceeded afterwards to empanel the Jury which, as it was a mere form, and as I went purposely to hear B., I did not stay for. Maxwell will probably get a voyage for his health as far as Botany Bay.

You will probably have heard that Morthland was cast in £300 damages and expenses, which will be £1200 more. He means, however, to represent. Caddell to my great delight was fined ten pounds for tampering with one of the witnesses. Horner puts on the Gown to-morrow.

John will be in London long ago; the Brusher J. S. dined with him at Somer's. No extremes. Boyle six o'clock, Somers 3—. All your friends here are in good humour but Mat. Sandilands, who the last time I saw him was swearing at you for not writing him. The last accounts of Mary Russell mention that she has begun actually to clip the King's

high English, and was making rapid progress to speak 'Boney.' I am afraid we shan't be able to understand one another, which would be a pity as I do not doubt of her being extremely precious. The old lady, not content to send Mary up, must have the other virgin there too, and accordingly in three weeks her large mouth will be filled with verbs à l'Anglaise. I am almost inclined to say with the King of Israel 'All is vanity.' No, faith, it is wrong to ascribe it to vanity, why should not the Ladies see the world? The report of Col. Robertson's marriage to Miss Forbes is again revived, with what truth I cannot pretend to say.

As I told you before—no news of any sort afloat. Civil Law going on but, *tal lal*. Have not read much since I saw you. Spend my time in sleeping. By the Bye, of sleep. It is very odd that there have been no letters from James Fergusson, the fish ought to be keel-hauled.

Remember me with true regard to your mother, and believe me,—Your sincere Friend,

ANDREW CLEPHANE.

I pray you may write me soon and have a better pen than I have been labouring at thro' this.

## ANDREW CLEPHANE (143-148)

Your Mother. See appendix, *Loch, Mary*.

Maxwell.

James Fergusson.

James Graham.

Henry Brougham. See Appendix A.

The Lord Advocate. See appendix, *Dundas, Robert, of Arniston*.

The Justice-Clerk.

Morthland.

Caddell.

Horner. See appendix, *Horner, Francis*.

John.

The Brusher, J. S.

Somers.

Boyle.

Mat. Sandilands.

Mary Russell.

The old lady.

Col. Robertson.

Miss Forbes.

James Fergusson.

Andrew Clephane (signature). See appendix, *Clephane*,  
*Andrew*.



*June 24, 1800.*

MY DEAR JAMES,—I wish just to write a few lines to you for the pleasure of a little chat—I am, indeed, damnably dull for want of you, and not the less so for having the parliament house to bore me—I have opened my mouth in the court of justiciary—being counsel for the soldier in Dalkeith's reg't. I had a fine field for speaking and was prepared with a speech of above two hours on the relevancy—when that d——d beast Jas. Ferguson made the man plead guilty and knocked my oration in the head.

How did you bear John's going away? I was d——d sorry for him, poor fellow. Do you know, I feel every day more and more the evils of having delay'd entering at the bar here even half a year—by G——d, you can form no notion of it, till you come and see. All is

practice and seeing and knowing ye court. I never go there that I don't wish you were by me that I might advise you most earnestly to consider and re-consider your London plan. For one thing, I am convinced that this bar is a better field than is generally thought—I allude to appeals, for which the common practice is an excellent lesson—I envy you most maliciously for the pleasure of the country. How shall I send *Vancouver* which I have got for you? Do you want *Labillardiere's voy. in search of La Peyrouse*? Write instantly.

Give my Love and Duty to your mother, and tell her I pity her for being left in the house with such a beast as you must confess you are—always out striding and daedling. Never ye less I am, my Dearest L.—Yours,  
H. B.

## HENRY BROUGHAM (151-152)

Dalkeith.

Jas. Ferguson.

John.

Labillardiere.

Your mother. See appendix, *Loch, Mary*.

H. B. (signature). See Appendix A.



*Friday* (No date).

MY DEAR LOCH,—Damn you for a little stupid ass!

You send me a letter and bid me do something before I get it. Damn you! I send this and *Vancour* (*Labillé* is binding) to Auld Kots, who sets off in a day or two for the north and calls at Blair on his way.

You don't understand my reasons about passing, so I will not continue the argument till I see you, and then I'll just knock you down three times, to make you comprehend better. You only give me half a sheet of short paper, and I give you a half sheet of long paper.

Clephane sets off Monday week and is to be at Blair same day I suppose. I give you this warning—or rather your mother—that, knowing whom she has to feed, she may pro-



vide uncommon quantities of coarse stuffing food, such as meal, bran, groat, flour, bread chips, bullock's liver, and sawdust. I recommend the last particularly. If Clephane could have waited a day or two I would have come with him, because I feel for your situation and I know that my being with you (or any body) would make a desert a palace.

I still pity your poor mother, for what does it signify to her whether you are out among the trees and ditches or in among old books. I condole with you upon the dismal news—the Austrians all bitched up and we must go to Hell. Alack-a-day!—Yours most sincerely,

H. BROUGHAM.

*P.S.*—I would write more but have to plead both in the outer and inner house to-morrow, and all for nothing.

## HENRY BROUGHAM (155-156)

*Labill'.*

Auld Kots.

Clephane. See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew.*

Your mother. See appendix, *Loch, Mary.*

H. Brougham (signature). See Appendix A.



EDINBURGH, *July 1, 1800.*

YOURS, my Dearest Loch, I received and will with pleasure avail myself of your invitation. I cannot, however, manage so as to be able to join you this week, but this day eight days or Tuesday I shall be with you. I shall send my trunk by the carrier on Thursday, and shall ship myself in the Mail on Monday.

I have got my petition presented to the Court and shall get my day fixed on Thursday, and as it now becomes high time to look about me, I am to dine on Saturday with the Club. *N.B.*—They mostly consist of Agents. This is the finest weather I ever saw for this place, and the very worst, I believe, for where you are. I am in great hopes of rain to-day, as there is not a cloud to be seen on this side of the horizon. A queer sign, to be sure, but I believe an infallible one. In the west country

they have had two days of incessant rain. All the farmers are complaining of the drought, and though they are a class of men given mightily to grumble, yet in this instance they have great reason. These defeats in Italy are very serious and, I fancy, very true. It is impossible that the Austrians can continue the war, at least they ought not to do it, if they can get peace on any reasonable terms. The immense numbers of men they have lost this war might very well satisfy such a stomach for fighting as theirs must be by this time. The much boasted conquest of Genoa will go for nothing, and the French may sit down and laugh at our petty expeditions. However, I do not see that a peace made by the Austrians will much hurt us or prevent us carrying on the war, if the higher powers are so determined.

I see to-day that they have acquitted Hadfield. Though perhaps just, I think it a pity. If Hadfield had been made an example of it is probable that fewer attempts of that nature by



such persons would have been made. There is no private news of any sort moving here. Henry Brougham has got two more clients before the Justiciary Court—people who have been amusing themselves with forging Bank notes. Henry Erskine, Chas. Hope, and J. P. Grant are also employed on same side, though for different persons. The first trial will come on a week after the Session rises. In that case it is a chance if you see him as he proposed till that is over. I hope he will get an opportunity of speech this time. I saw Jas. Graham yesterday. I asked him when he was going over—he told me he did not think his father would allow him to come to Kinross at all, as he could not be troubled with him. It occurs to me that there is some truth in what I told you of the entire subjection of poor George to the Housekeeper. I think it not unlikely that from his suspicious temper and the great failing of intellect, which has been the consequence of his attack, he might be made to believe anything if properly used.

Tho' James is a quiz, yet I should be sorry if he was struck out of the estate. This letter is hardly worth sending as it is entirely about nothing. Yet I would send it if it was for no other purpose than to make you believe that I am Yours sincerely,

A. CLEPHANE.

Our family desire their best wishes to your mother.

## ANDREW CLEPHANE (159-162)

Hadfield. See appendix, *Hadfield*.

Henry Brougham. See Appendix A.

Henry Erskine. See appendix, *Erskine, Henry*.

Chas. Hope. See appendix, *Hope, Charles*.

J. P. Grant. See appendix, *Grant, James*.

Jas. Graham.

His father.

A. Clephane (signature). See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew*.



*Teusday Evening.*

MY DEAR JAMES,—I daresay you think me 'doited' about the books, but the truth is it's *Auld Kott's* fault. I sent them to him and he promised to take charge of 'em, but to-day he went away and said he had no room. I wrote you a letter by Andreea, but he went away just before I got to him. I have sent by the books, which go by the carrier, and I am just going over to make Elphy pack up *Laing*.

Now, you little beast, why don't you write me? I have nobody (but Murray) whom I can talk decently and agreeably with, now that 'Kleypin' (*vide* Thos.) has gone away. Goffer talks too much, Moncrieff and Keay too little, Webb and Horne nothing but chemistry and political aconomy—and say you are drunk if you laugh, or are like to spit in your face if you speak of anything but these nonsensical



stuffs. However, laugh I must. Bye-the-bye, Russell is C——d. When he recovers he and I go to Brydone's to eat ffruit.

One of my jaunts is knocked in the head by Col. Edington's sudden death, so I must go expensively *per se* and shoot at Callender.

God damn! (as a Norway woman said instead of 'For God's sake'). God damn! write me a line. How do you support Clephane? He eats more than the town of Kelty. But indeed he will dung for it. However, I suppose he runs over to Kirkness every day to bog.

When you write me, I'll first spend on your letter and then 'woype' with it as Russell says to his mother.

On Friday I'm quit of the Law, and soon after, if your mother will let me, I'll come over as I am hot to see (not you, you wretch), but the Keivy Craigs and Berry Knows (and Claifenchat and Dinten Jad), and Breththth, and the Lucky B—u—, and Thos. Hands' grave.—My Dr. Loch, yours affy.,

H. BROUGHAM.

## HENRY BROUGHAM (165-166)

*Auld Kott's.*

Andreea. See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew.*

Elphy.

Murray. See appendix, *Murray, Sir John Archibald.*

'Kleypin.' See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew.*

Thos.

Goffer. See appendix, *Jeffrey, Francis.*

Moncrieff. See appendix, *Moncreiff, Sir James Wellwood.*

Keay.

Webb.

Horne.

Russell.

Brydone.

Col. Edington.

Clephane. See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew.*

Your mother. See appendix, *Loch, Mary.*

H. Brougham (signature). See Appendix A.



19 July 1800.

MY DEAR JAMES,—Tell Mr. Burt that I will be much obliged to him to go on with the road and that I will give directions to have him supplied with the necessary money. If the County afterwards repay me, it is well. I may lay it out on some other solid improvement. If not, I think it is no more than I am bound to do—considering how handsomely everybody has behaved to me in all these undertakings, and that after all, I have got a road of great accommodation to me at a price far below what I would have made it myself.

When Mr. Burt can spare his men from the Metalling the public road I would wish him, before he lets them go, to form my private road from it, *i.e.* the public road to the east gate of the Cowden Park in the line he and you shall settle.

I have got all my money ready for Roscobie and Kelty, and shall be very wealthy by the end of the autumn.

Order Mr. S. to send a H'g'd of Sherry from Bell & Rannie, and six dozen of good cheap white wine for Puddings, Sauces, and common use, such as Rannie would recommend.

I approve of what you say about the mode of rousing. The water and the garden wall are the only things that mortify me, every thing else seems to a wish. The doors of the Porch, I understand, are not built up. If it does not impede more important things get that done that the litter of it may be got rid of.—Ever yours,

W. ADAM.

Remember me in the kindest manner to Mr. Burt and Cuttlehill.

Let J. Hamilton know that the Brewers would not let his Porter leave London, but I shall get it soon now.



## WILLIAM ADAM (169-170)

Mr. Burt.

Mr. S.

Bell & Rannie.

W. Adam (signature). See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Cuttlehill.

J. Hamilton.



CHELMSFORD ASSIZES,

30 *July* 1800.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I have just received yours—all the matter of which is most excellent and satisfactory. I need not enter into details now.

If the Nivingston road wants more money, is it that what I authorised is expended? If so, let there be as much advanced by Mr. Bruce as is requisite to carry it, and I will get it back if I can—If not, never mind.

If it is that he has only begun advancing, then let him go on to the extent formerly permitted, but this fine season must not be lost.

I never hear of Bannale or the road that way. I have no objection, but approve of another sale. But try if it cannot be managed to let the defraying the expence of carrying

them to the road sides be an article of roup. You did well to make Duncan the Rouper.

I do not think the Sluice can come within Conolly's conditions. Make it good, there is no help for the expence—we must get the per centage out of the increase of water.

I have a letter from Mrs. Hunter, safe arrived in Torbay and performing quarantine. Her child and self well, I have sent it to Rd. Pk. It is to inquire about all her friends, so I have written to Uncle Mat.

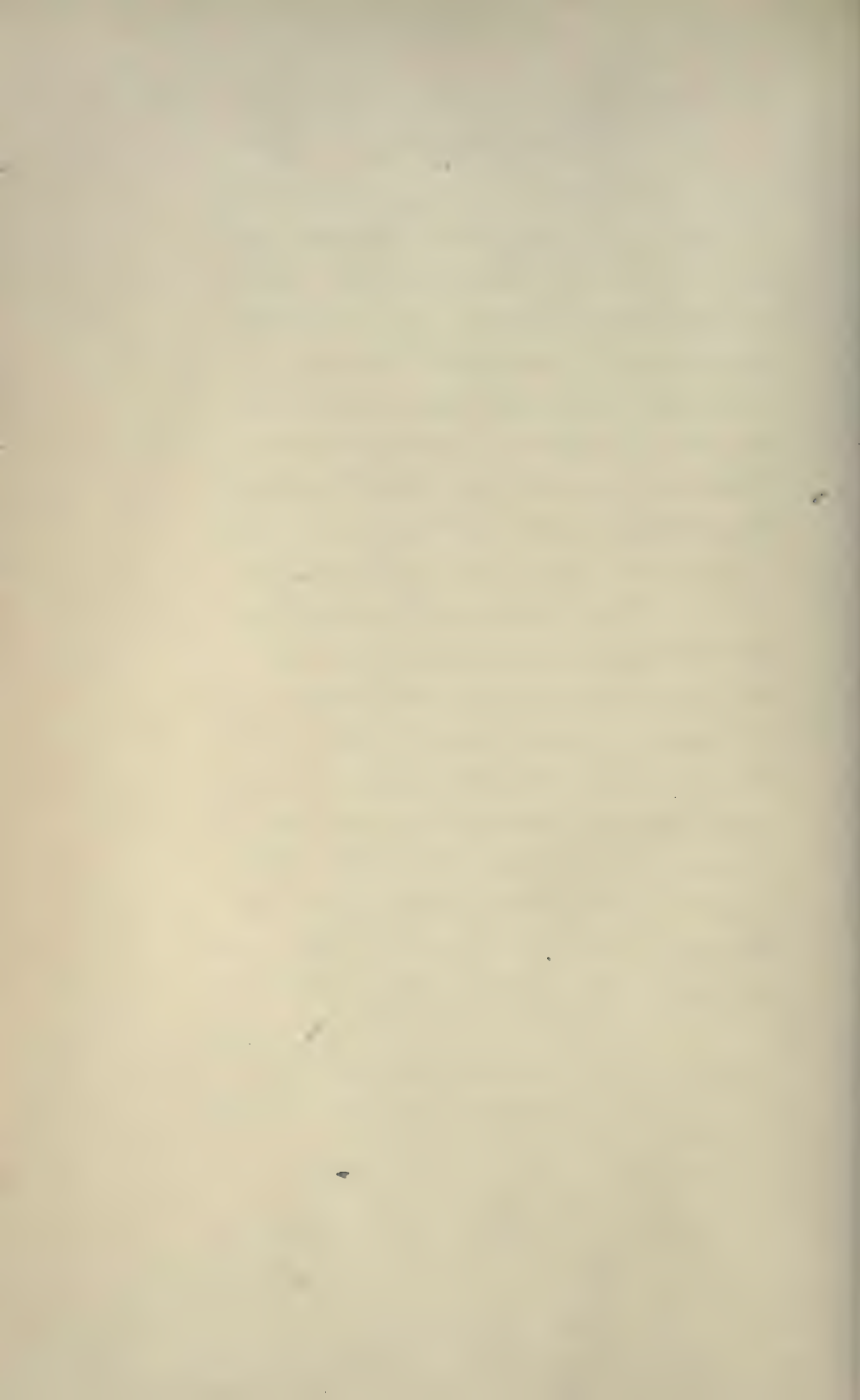
Wm. has read the discussion on F. He and Charles Fox agree that it is quite convincing, but they were convinced before. I intend if I can to stay but one night or two at Blair, as I go North, to take you and your Mother with me to Woodstone, because I never do my Business there, leaving it to the last. And then, to be steadily at Blair till my time is exhausted—and do nothing but Business.

I shall be able by this day fortnight to say the day I shall be with you.

I go to Lord Robt. Spencer's for a day after the Circuit to see the Cottages and things he has done after my plans, and one day's business with the Duke of York is all that can keep me after this cursed Circuit work. I am going to dine with Dr. Kirkland to see his farm, and shall pick up some gate spiles. M'Bean shall execute all my run'g Roads.—  
Yours ever,

W. ADAM.





## WILLIAM ADAM (173-175)

Mr. Bruce.

Duncan.

Conolly.

Mrs. Hunter.

Uncle Mat.

Wm. See appendix, *Adam, William G.*

Charles Fox. See appendix, *Fox, Charles.*

Your Mother. See appendix, *Loch, Mary.*

Lord Robt. Spencer.

Duke of York. See appendix, *York, Duke of.*

Dr. Kirkland.

M'Bean.

W. Adam (signature). See appendix, *Adam, William.*



EDINBURGH, *Thursday, August 29, 1800.*

MY DR. LOCH,—Before I go further, or rather before I begin, I must tell you of my most melancholy situation. Perhaps you may recollect when I was at Blair that one of my toes was sore ; well, in order to save this cursed toe, which was painful in walking home, I set down my foot in such a way as to bring on a sprained knee, or rather a contraction and inflammation of the tendons below the knee, so that for this week past I have been lying on a sofa *totally unable to move*—a most infernal bore.

Will you give my best regards to yr. mother and tell her that I w'd have done myself the pleasure of writing to her, but it would have cost her too much trouble in decyphering my hand, as the only way in which I can write is by holding the paper *over my head*.

Now, as to the Commission—I sent to Cave and desired him to send patterns of all his plain wine glasses and tumblers. I (with the special advice and consent of my mother) fixed upon the only two bearable ones—He sent some of the fashionable kind all of the same size (I presume you know what I mean) but they were the clumsiest and ugliest of the kind I ever saw—liker a Ginshop than a Gentl's table—I gave him the proper direction, they are to go by to-morrow's carrier—Now most likely you mayn't like them—in the wh. case you can easily return them next week with further directions to me, and I'll most likely succeed better the second than the first time. The tumblers are 16/ and the glasses 6/ per doz. I suppose Clephane is at Kirkness by this time, from my being confined I have not seen his mother or sisters to hear if he is coming over. I take it for granted from y'r mother saying nothing about the Moor that the fire is out—I hope your eyes and Mr. Brandreth's are not out also. Henry is going



to Dryburgh on Sunday. Lord Buchan gave him an invitation to come out and see the Dryburgh *Rhinoceros*, meaning himself. So during my confinement I shall be freed from his eulogisms on his drawings—as he does nothing but draw and praise himself *much more* than he used to do at Blair. Geo. Wood unfortunately praised him one day——

H'y took it into his head that I was to pay his debts at Blair—wh. never entered into my head. He forgets how much his jacket, etc., came to. Will you take the trouble of enquiring, and that with his debt to you shall be sent. I heard him say he was to write to you about it, but as he did not dine at home to-day I don't know whether he has or not. The worthy jacket is going a jaunt on Horner's back. He, Jn. Murray and Willy Taylor are going a *pedestrian* thro' the Highlands. The very same route that we took in /97. They are also to take Finlay and the 'Knapsack' with them. My arms are quite tired, fully as much as your eyes will be when you

get this length.—Believe me, yours most  
sincerely,

JS. BROUGHAM.

*To* JAMES LOCH, Esq.,

Blair Adam,

North Queensferry.

## JAMES BROUGHAM (179-182)

Your mother. See appendix, *Loch, Mary*.

Cave.

My mother.

Clephane. See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew*.

His mother.

Mr. Brandreth.

Henry. See Appendix A.

Lord Buchan. See appendix, *Buchan, David, Earl of*.

Geo. Wood.

Horner. See appendix, *Horner, Francis*.

Jn. Murray. See appendix, *Murray, Sir John Archibald*.

Willy Taylor.

Finlay.

The 'Knapsack.'

Js. Brougham (signature). See appendix, *Brougham, James*.



EDINBURGH, 23<sup>rd</sup> Sept. 1800.

*Clephane*—I am now writing, my Dear Loch, from the sick room of James Brougham, where I am doing a Christian office in visiting the sick.

*J. Brougham*—I take up the pen from that Christian, Andw. Clephane, to tell you that I am still *motionless*. I got your letter two or three days ago. Why do you say nothing about the Glasses or what Henry owes the *Marybro' tailor* for the worthy jacket. I had a letter from William to-day, he says that he had just been writing to his father to tell him of his being confined with a return of his *malady*. He says he would like to write to you, but is afraid his letter might be seen—*it is in his throat*. There is a distant chance of my being able to pay you a *visit* at Blair before you leave it. My leg is rather better, but I can't move at all. Horner says he has not forgot you. Henry is at Ayr and Glasgow. I have nothing more to



say, so will let Clephane take the pen to entertain you.

*Clephane*—I am engaged, I see, to entertain you. This is like asking a man to tell a good story, than which nothing is more difficult. I was very sorry to miss you when I called on you along with my brother. He leaves this for Ireland, Monday next week, when I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at Blair. However it is impossible for me to fix a day till I know something of your motions. Wm. Clerk told me that your uncle did not intend to be in Edinr., which may hasten your return here, as your Mother must have many things to settle previous to her long absence. Therefore in your leasure drop, as the people say, a few lines (it would be needless to ask a long letter) anent your proceedings. Never did I see such a vacuum as this town exhibits at present—*assez de monde*—but very few of our acquaintance, except Thom. Martin. I must take to the *Corpus* as an *Antidote* against *ennui*—an

*expedient that some time ago I would have shuddered at such an idea! Mais que faire*—as he is the only person of my acquaintance at present in town, though we have been strangers to each other for some time. I begin now to be reconciled to my fate. I sometimes take a walk into the country and see the Bucks shooting, which gives me only a demisatisfaction. H. Brougham has been battling with the Justice Clerk and James Oswald at Jedburgh Circuit. Wishing to get bail allowed for a prisoner condemned for theft, alledging that it was not theft. The case was a little hard. The prisoners were smugglers and had their goods taken from them by the Excise Officers, who after putting their mark upon them left them in the street, when they were taken possession of by their former proprietors. In the claim for bail B. was as successful as usual, in his criminal causes he has got off some of the prisoners, however. He has given up his intention of going to Perth Circuit, and taken the less laborious road to Ayr Races.

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James B. has every prospect of being like John Clerk, junr., at least he has the most intimate resemblance to him at present as to the *understanding*. John Bell gives him hopes that it will not be very tedious and assures him that no lameness will remain, which is so far well. Willm. Adam tells James that John is with him, which surprises me, as I understood that he had gone upon the [s ] under Sir J. Pultney; perhaps he has been [concerned] with the commander's conduct which, I understand, has given great offence both to the Army and Navy, the latter having offered to take the harbour when the town would easily have followed. The prize-money would have been considerable, which grieves their Gizzards a little. However, John is as well at R. Park. Give my kind respects to Mr. Adam and your Mother, and believe me with affection,—Yours ever,

ANDREW CLEPHANE.

I forgot to sign my name to my part of the letter.

JAMES BROUGHAM.

## ANDREW CLEPHANE AND JAMES BROUGHAM

(185-188)

Jas. Brougham. See appendix, *Brougham, James*.

Andw. Clephane. See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew*.

Henry. See Appendix A.

William. See appendix, *Adam, William G*.

His father. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Horner. See appendix, *Horner, Francis*.

My brother.

Wm. Clerk.

Your mother. See appendix, *Loch, Mary*.

Thom. Martin.

The Justice-Clerk.

James Oswald.

John Clerk, Junr. See appendix, *Clerk, John, Lord Eldin*.

John Bell. See appendix, *Bell, John*.

Willm. Adam. See appendix, *Adam, William G*.

John.

Sir J. Pultney.

Mr. Adam. See appendix, *Adam, William*.





H.M.S. 'FOUDROYANT,'

GIBRALTAR BAY, *Nov. 3rd*, 1800.

DEAR JAMES,—I am sure you will own that I am an indefatigable scribe, for I have never missed any one opportunity yet of writing to some one of you, but I never have heard but once from you—and no wonder—for when they send a dispatch, they send it in such a hurry and at so short a notice, that the ships who bring the dispatches hardly know they are to come two days before they sail, but I hope, however, I shall hear soon.

When I do hear from you I shall expect all the Blair and Woodstone news and a long letter.

What the *Big-Wigs* are going to do with us now I don't know, but from all I see and all that I hear, I really think we are going to Egypt, and not without reason, for I can guess pretty well from what I have seen in the

Cabin, and from seeing people who I am sure know the Coast, and I know they have been asked questions. I think, if we don't succeed, I shall be ashamed of a red coat and turn Parson or Lawyer.

Poor Sandy Houston is very ill here, indeed so ill as to be obliged to give up the command of this regiment and be landed. He is a most terrible spectacle, dreadfully thin, looks very ill, and indeed the mercury has made him so weak that he can hardly move about his room : however, he recovers, since he came from on board ship.

I am sure Mrs. Hunter must have hated this place, for it is, I think, the most horrible place for any body to live in that ever I saw, and one of the dirtiest, and by way of a place for an officer, the worst in the World. For as long as O'Hara is here there can be no peace. If you happen not to do as he likes exactly, he abuses you, and by all accounts he is the most disagreeable, tyrannical old monster that ever was made.

I don't know whether you saw the Dacreses while you were in London, but I dare say you know who I mean. I have seen Capt. Dacres the Admiral's Son, and although all the people who know him say he is a very fine young man, yet he is so rattle-headed, he seems mad. You wrote me while I was in Ireland that one of the Dogs—*Laurie Johnstone*—broke for me was fond of Mutton. Pray when you write, tell me about him, and tell me the state of the Game at Blair, particularly the Black Cock.

This is the month of November and you have here hotter weather and finer than in any May I remember. There has not been twelve hours' rain since we left Vigo, and it has been enormously hot, particularly here, for the reflection of the Rock is dreadful. Colonel Clephane's regiment is at Minorca, and he is with it. Not an unfit place for him, for though a very good-natured man, he is not very wise, and not a very capital soldier—he is very unlike his brother in both respects.

I suppose we shall go to Malta, and I hope I may see Col. Hunter, I don't know any person I should like to see better. He is a very good officer and a very good fellow, and I should like if I was to be a field officer, very young, to go with him, for he would give me a great deal of instruction and very comfortably too. Sir Edward Berry who was Captain of this Ship is gone into the Princess Charlotte, and a Capt. Stevenson has got this Ship. Lord Keith and Sir Edward Berry did not agree very well and therefore I am glad he is gone, but with regard to myself, he was a civil obliging fellow as could be and I liked him extremely.

I wish John Loch had had an opportunity of doing something, for I think it was Labour Lost his coming on the expedition. I have written to my Father to get me out of the Guards, and if he does not like it I hope in two or three years he will get me into the Line as a field officer.

Pray remember me to everybody, give my



FREDERICK ADAM

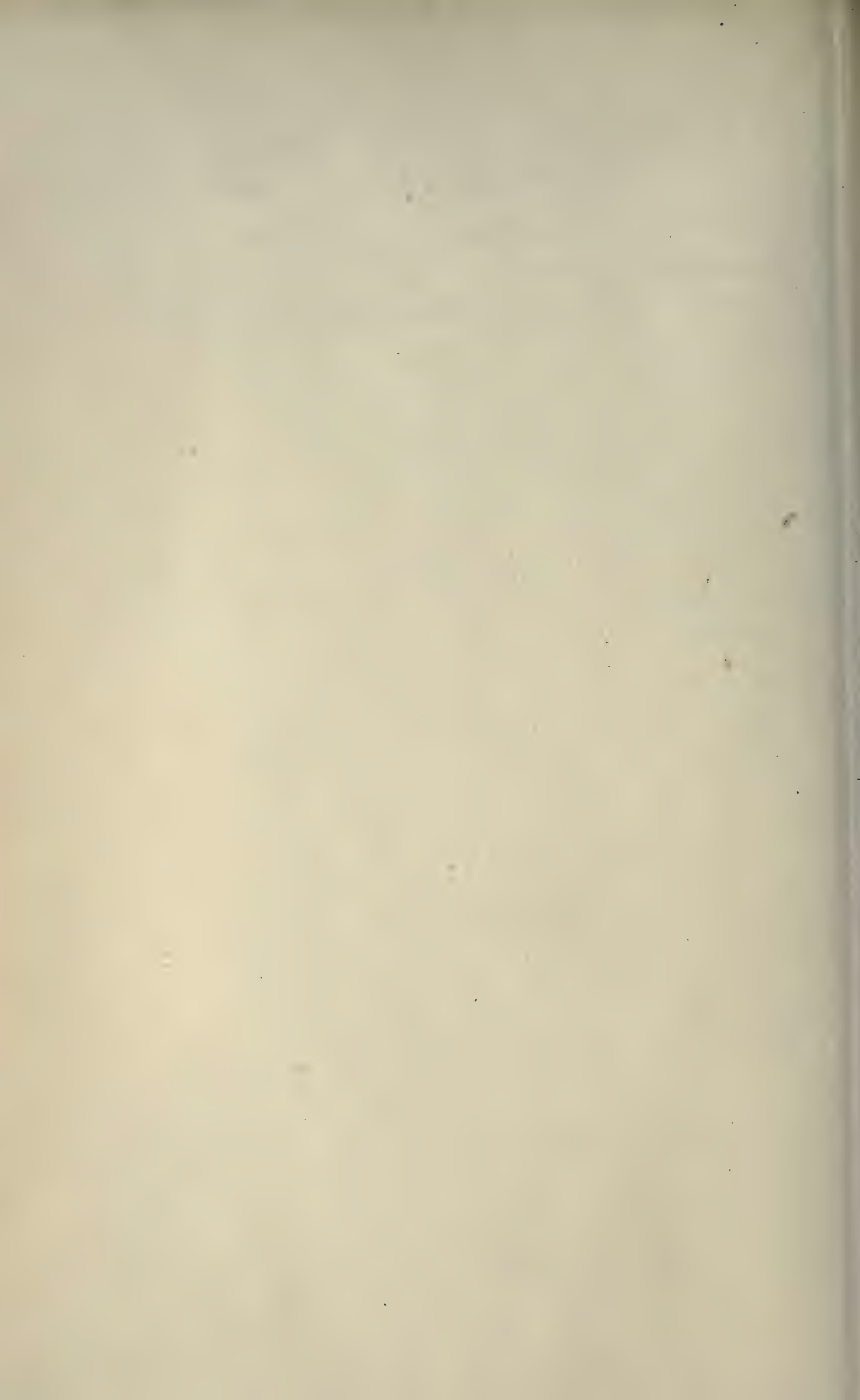
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love to my Aunt, and believe me,—Your very  
affectionate Cousin,

FREDERICK ADAM.

*To* JAMES LOCH, Esq.,  
No. 58 *Lincolinfield*,  
London.





## FREDERICK ADAM (191-195)

Sandy Houstoun.

Mrs. Hunter.

O'Hara.

Dacreses.

Capt. Dacres.

The Admiral.

Colonel Clephane.

His Brother.

Col. Hunter.

Sir Edward Berry. See appendix, *Berry, Sir Edward*.

Capt. Stevenson.

Lord Keith. See appendix, *Elphinstone, George Keith*.

John Loch.

My Father. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

My Aunt. See appendix, *Loch, Mary*.

Frederick Adam (signature). See appendix, *Adam, Sir Frederick*.



EDINBURGH, 2nd Dec. 1800.

I HAD expected to have word from you before now, and should myself have written you, but have been busy for some time past with making all ready for getting free of the Civil Law, which great work I have compleated, with very little trouble. I had been always told that it was a mere farce, but am now perfectly convinced of it, and for any future examination I shall feel no anxiety. The study of the Scots Law keeps me still busier than I was before. From writing pretty quick I am enabled to take very full notes from Hume, by extending which and preparing for the following lecture, I find myself sufficiently busy—so much so that I never desire to stir out unless of a Sunday. I am not begun to tire of this business as yet, but *à la bonne heure*, you may say James Brougham has at

last got out. His leg is perfectly well, even the weakness which at first remained has gone off. I am afraid Henry's Circuit Exhibitions have not brought him any addition of business this Session, at which he is not a little disappointed. Henry's expectations were rather Brilliant, which makes his disappointment more keen. The Lawyers are indeed all complaining of the paucity of business. However, as human nature is not growing better it is to be hoped that quarrels will not be less frequent.

Sir John Henderson's Election cause is now before the house. Hope made a most admirable speech against him in which he was very severe on the whole people concerned in that absurd business—for, from the proof, it was without exception the most absurd cause that had ever appeared in Court. Sir John took umbrage at something Hope had said about his having destroyed some papers which were called for; the word 'destroyed' stuck in his throat, which fired him immediately, and he poured a torrent of abuse on Hope, denying



that such word was in his whole deposition, and daring him to prove it. Unfortunately for Sir John, such a word certainly did appear in the proof, on which he could say no more. The court took the business before them next day, and after a long discussion with shut doors they reprimanded Sir John for the unbecoming words he had used, and there the business rests. Sir J. meant certainly to challenge Hope, but he told him he would not accept of it. Wm. Clerk speaks for Col. Erskine on Thursday. And Morthland has the most difficult *talk* of all, that of opening for Sir John. They certainly do come under a great disadvantage, as Hope's speech has made a very great impression on all who heard it. The Solicitor is to speak for Moody on Friday, from whom a great speech is expected. He has prepared himself, and is so anxious as to be agitated even to a degree of weakness. I am afraid I shan't be able to hear him as Hume's hour comes in very inconveniently. There is no news of any sort going to tell you

of. Parties are much divided about the Poor rates Bill for this town. Most of the bodies on the Bench, especially the Justice Clerk, are decided for not giving anything, at least, not much. The voluntary contributions for last year were indeed very great, but I am afraid they would not be sufficient for this year. The winter has set in here with a vengeance; the Blair Hills are quite white with snow and have been for several days. Tell me what the great Dons think of all matters, you are in good situation for hearing all about it. This is hardly worth sending you, however it will show you I have not forgot you. I hope Wm. has got out of the influence of the 'swift-footed God.' If not, this cold weather will make him smart. However, nothing like mortifying for your sins. Recollect me to him, and *don't remember to forget to remember* me to John. With good wishes to all the rest, —I am, ever yours affect.,

ANDREW CLEPHANE.

## ANDREW CLEPHANE (199-202)

Hume. See appendix, *Hume, David*.

James Brougham. See appendix, *Brougham, James*.

Henry. See Appendix A.

Sir John Henderson.

Hope. See appendix, *Hope, Charles*.

Wm. Clerk.

Col. Erskine.

Morthland.

The Solicitor. See appendix, *Blair, Robert, of Avonton*.

Moody.

The Justice Clerk.

Wm.

John.

Andrew Clephane (signature). See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew*.



EDIN., *Dec.* 9, 1800.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I beg you will excuse my hurry and peremptoryness in this letter. We heard one account of poor Peter's unhappy quarrel wt. Campbell from Jas. Hamilton, who had it from A. Oswald, who had it from Campbell himself. This story made Campbell quite in the wrong, but his friends here are telling a different story quite against Peter. I wrote to Oswald, and received a very unsatisfactory and, indeed, ridiculous answer—saying that 'neither party were to blame,' and that a certified account had been given by Peter before his death in C.'s favor, and refusing to repeat what he (Oswald) had told Hamilton. Now, I wish to know exactly how matters stand, and therefore must intreat you to make the following inquiries—yourself, as soon as possible—and without telling anyone for whom you are asking—



1. Who were the seconds, and where are they?

2. Who was the surgeon, and what did he say?

3. Is there any letter from Peter to my father, and why has Craig not sent it? and—

4. What does the letter to Campbell contain?

I again must beg you to excuse my hurry and impatience. It is a subject on which I can scarcely think with common reason. But something or other I am resolved to do in order to vindicate the character and memory of Poor Peter, and I am hurt more than I can express at seeing that there is a combination against telling the truth, and rather agst. saying one word on the subject, among all the people of the vessel. We have never since had a single line from any one, Capt., Mate, or Purser, even notifying the event. If you have anything else to tell me, chiefly about your own self, pray find room for it. What think you now of the diplom.

plan which I have frequently talked about to you?

I am more than ever disgusted with law, and as I would fain make some opening in the above way, I wish you could get information, but let not this any how interfere with the other *more* interesting matter.—Believe me ever yours mot. affy.,

H. BROUGHAM, Junr.



## HENRY BROUGHAM (205-207)

Poor Peter. See appendix, *Brougham, Peter*.

Campbell.

Jas. Hamilton.

A. Oswald.

My father.

Craig.

H. Brougham, Junr. (signature). See Appendix A.





ABERDOUR, 18th Dec. 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,—Presuming that you will excuse the trouble, I have taken the liberty of transmitting the enclosed, which you will be so obliging as address and forward first proper opportunity.

I observe from the papers that you must have had some days of excellent speaking in the House of Commons—the politics of Europe are becoming every day more interesting—to this country I am afraid alarmingly so. During its present circumstances, the dearth of provisions is doubly distressing to this country, for thousands in our manufacturing Towns will have no employment should the Russian embargo continue, and if without either meat or money what can be expected from them but discontent and mobbing. Our Herring fishing goes forward very

successfully, but owing to a very unusual competition among the Curers, the prices of the Herrings in the fresh state are extremely high—for several days past the Cran, *i.e.* two Gallons more than the Barrel, and containing about 1000, has brought 22 shillings: the same quantity in former years never was above 7 shillings, and I have known them so low as 1s. 6d. I am surprised the Committee on the high price of provisions have not said a syllable concerning the cod fishing, which is carried on as successfully in the Firth, above and below Inchkeith, as the Herring. They have begun to salt them at Burntisland, Kircaldy, and Dysart—at this last place 500 large Cod were brought in by one Boat in 6 days; from 50 to 60 may be reckoned the usual daily average of each boat. Both Fisheries must tend to enrich the Fishermen. I have known a Boat with 5 men take and sell at 20s. per Barrel, 21 Barrels of Herrings in a day.

I saw Mr. Wemyss to-day, and am sorry to learn that he is afraid the ship with oats

for this district, in which your uncle and he are concerned, is detained in one of the Russian Ports. The oat meal on the coast is already 2s. 10d. per peck, and very scarce.

I find a great number of persons are going off to London to witness the Union: if you be present, and can command as much time, I will thank you to give me some account of the proceedings of the day, and of Paddy's deportment.

I had a Letter from my Brother a few days since, written just when the armies were separating at Gibraltar. He is with Genl. Abercromby, and if you have heard for certain the General's destination, I will be obliged to you to let me know: sincerely wishing you, and all your friends, many returns of the Season,—I am, my Dear Sir,  
yours truly, Wm. BRYCE.

To Mr. LOCH,

at William Adam's, Esqr.,

Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.



## WILLIAM BRYCE (211-213)

Mr. Wemyss.

Your uncle. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

My brother.

Genl. Abercromby. See appendix, *Abercromby, Sir Ralph*.

William Bryce (signature). See appendix, *Bryce, William*.





EDINBURGH, 25<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1800.

I AM very sorry, My Dear Loch, to find that you have returned to your old practice of writing short letters, a practice which tho' I condemn in others I believe I must resort to myself, as this Metropolis offers nothing of which one can make a subject.

The King's proclamation and the 'quartern loaf' are in everybody's mouth, and so mouldy and musty has the subject grown that I am apt to grow sick at the very name of Bread. It has struck me, by the bye, as a most excellent expedient to lessen the consumption of bread, that the proclamation should be read every Sunday from the pulpit, when by the time that the scarcity would begin to be felt the very name of Bread would be quite an antidote to appetite. If you have any interest in the higher circles, you may suggest this as

the idea of a half-starved Scotsman. I shan't appear on the carpet, so shall not by my appearance contradict the assertion.

When I look back to this time last year, I feel something like regret that you are at such a distance. I should certainly have visited the scene of last year's pleasure, if Hume had given any recess at this time. As he does not, I must be content to stay where I am, thinking his lectures infinitely preferable to the country in a storm. You ask me what sort of a speech Mr. Wm. Clerk made. It will take me some time to give you an answer. His speech was short, but in quality was good, considering that it was delivered under very evident embarrassment, and of consequence delivered with very little force. But he was ably seconded by Gillies, who made a most excellent speech on the same side. Morthland's speech was the most stupid perhaps you ever heard in your life.

Who think you is coming on wonderfully well at the Bar? No less a person than the Bos,

who having hammered a son out of his wife, and a good speech or two out of his brain, may be truly said to 'bear his blushing honours thick upon him.' And unless any person could bring himself to cuckold him (which would, by the bye, be an unnatural crime), they could not be more so.

What the world are about I can tell you little of—what little world there is I have not at all mixed in, and moreover do not mean to do so, neither my inclination nor my finances will permit it. I have been once or twice at the Theatre, which is now some amusement. The Role of players are very respectable—and having got acquainted with the Dowager Grant of Monimusk, I sometimes go there to chat away an hour with her. I have taken it into my head to be very fond of her company, especially ever since I heard that she gives good parties, and moreover she has got a young heiress generally in her train. This last magnet has attracted a vast quantity of particles of sighing matter, among whom are



Tytler, who, as report says, has been refused, Forbes, MacConochie, and Ronald MacDonald, which last is notorious for heiress hunting.

I met her one night at a Capt. MacDonagh's (a very odd acquaintance I have picked up), and before I knew she was an heiress, I was much pleased with her manners—that approbation could not fail to be much increased when the truth came out. But, however, Loch, as I suspect her acquaintance to be dangerous by the number of her admirers, I do not choose to run my head against a post, so there's an end of the matter.

Who should I meet to my utter astonishment to-day, but John Gordon, who arrived last night from Cambridge. And I must own I was somewhat astonished at his improvement, if such it may be called. It is wonderful to me that one year in England should so totally eradicate all vestige of his mother tongue. It may be English that he speaks, or it may not. But this I will say, that I never heard any person speak like him.



However, it is not fair to criticise on so short a specimen—therefore I ought to be quiet. I have often heard of a person going to the Riding school, and lost the seat he had, and never got another.

A word to the wise ; if you apply this to the subject in question you will not be far wrong.

James Brougham has so perfectly recovered of his lameness so that no appearance of it remains—I see very little of him, as he is generally at Mr. Tait's. He is going with him to the Country during the present vacation ; a sweet Trio composed of Mr. Tait, Keith and himself. John, I suppose, will be leaving you soon, to revisit the Climates of the Sun—I see the Mahrattas have begun to kick against the Companies' dominion. This was what I have all along thought would be the case, and it is possible they may create the Company some trouble. Their Dominions are far too much extended, especially considering the persons they have to deal with. I have asked several India people if they

dreaded anything on the side of Ava—they seemed to think there was no danger from that quarter. Of this, however, I am somewhat doubtful. I am talking to you of a subject which you know much better than I do.

Every person you care for here *are* I believe in good health. Mary Russell is still waiting for you, I dare say to her mortification. The only chance I will ever have of seeing London will arise from my having plenty of money, which prospect is at an infinite distance. But as money is sometimes made by Gambling, and for this purpose I intend *quam primum* to buy a share in the next Lottery, where I have no doubt of getting a couple of Thousands—*Russeele* and I buy each a share and divide the profits—I made four shillings in the Irish lottery this year, that is to say—I lost eight shillings, which may truly be said to have gained a loss.

Give my kind respects to all in Lincoln's Inn fields, Adieu.—Yours ever,

ANDREW CLEPHANE.

## ANDREW CLEPHANE (217-222)

The King's Proclamation.

Hume. See appendix, *Hume, David*.

Wm. Clerk.

Gillies. See appendix, *Gillies, Adam*.

Morthland.

The Bos.

Dowager Grant of Monimusk.

Tytler.

Forbes. See appendix, *Forbes, John Hay*.

MacConochie. See appendix, *MacConochie, Alexander*.

Ronald MacDonald.

Capt. MacDonagh.

John Gordon.

James Brougham.

Mr. Tait.

Keith.

John.

Mary Russell.

*Russele.*

Andrew Clephane (signature). See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew*.



EDINR., Dec. 31, 1800.

MY DEAR LOCH,—I write you this in a great hurry to acknowledge in the first place the rect. of yours—and to thank you for it—in the next place to trouble you with another commission which I wish you very much to execute—as speedily as you possibly can. It is to get at the place where the *Evening Mail* is published, viz. J. Walter's, Printing House Square, Blackfriars'—a copy of that newspaper for Sept. 15, 1800, and send me it by a frank. Indeed the Printer will do so if you only tell him it is for a subscriber and pay him 6d. to make him attend. It is the number (in case of mistake) which has Lord K. Fitzgerald's paper in it.

Now, I can't let you off without this further commission, which you may do as soon as you conveniently can. I wish very much to get a



copy of a book, entitled *Voyage de deux Jeunes François autour de la Suède et du Danemark*, 2 tom. 8vo. I think Deboffe may have it—it was published two or three years ago, at Paris and Hamburg, if I remember right. Lastly, you can easily order Cattean's *Tableau de la Suède*, at Robinson's. I have bothered Cocky for it ever since I came here, and now wish to have it really and truly. So I apply to you, and have no fear of making out the point. I beg you to excuse the trouble, on this score that I'll do as much for you again, and farther, because it is the last I shall give you this century. Compts. of the season to all your uncle's family—including your mother, and believe me ever,

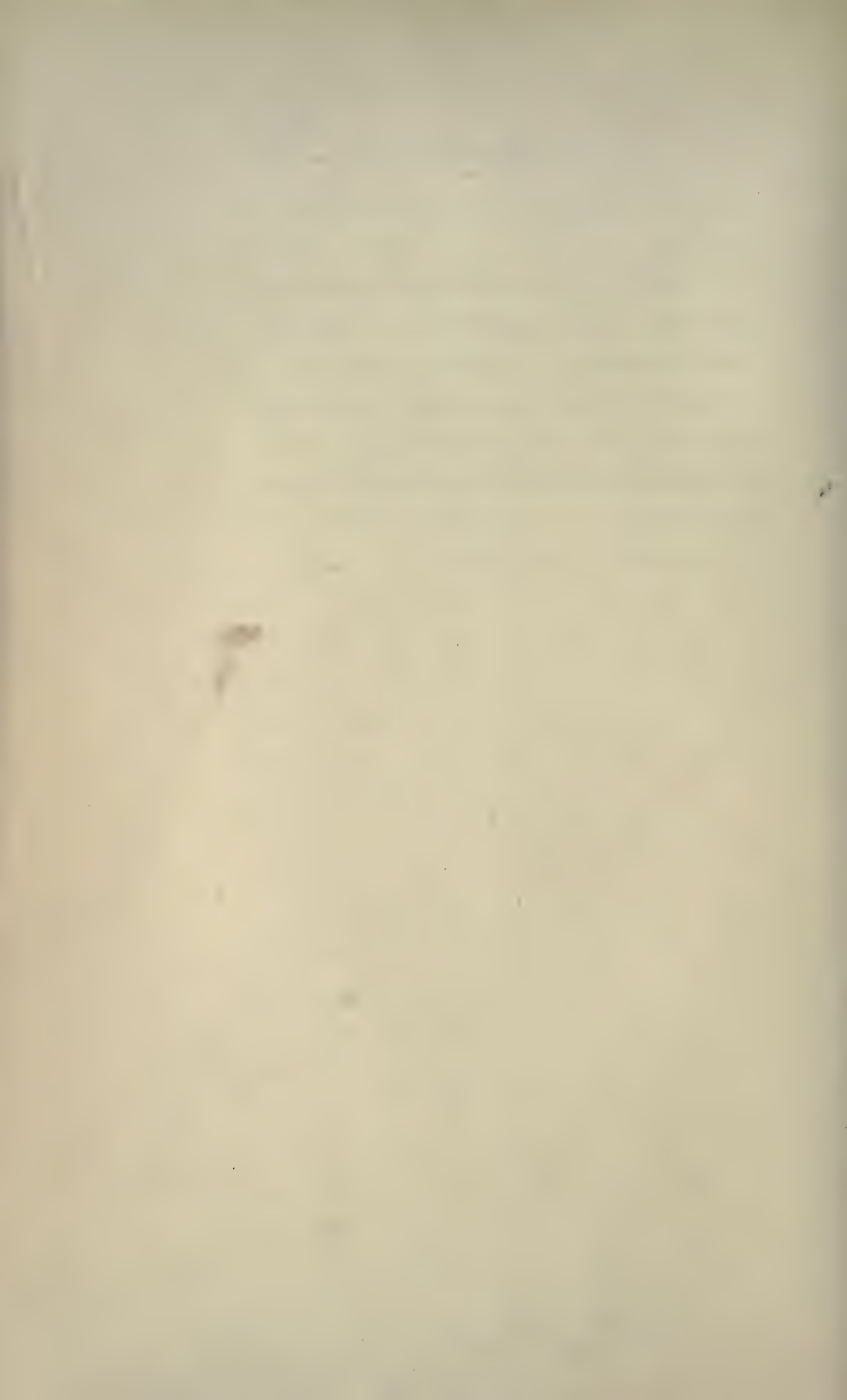
H. BROUGHAM.

*P.S.*—I find I have time to add one or two words of news. Gordon is magnifique, and has imported the most choice assortment of new tones and pronunciations, ever remembered here, since the arrival of the celebrated

trader the Geoff. Gordon's selection not off hand yet.

The Geoff. is sucking mercury at every pore, he will soon be a reservoir for the Konnedies.

Miller smoking a vast deal of tobacco—not a little law—a good deal of other things—little or no company. Horner, Murray, etc., living much among books—and your humble servant altogether—being in hopes (more than expectations) of some better *state*.



## HENRY BROUGHAM (225-227)

J, Walter. See appendix, *Walter, John*.

Lord K. Fitzgerald.

Deboffe.

Catteen.

Robinson.

Cocky.

Your Uncle. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Your Mother. See appendix, *Loch, Mary*.

H. Brougham (signature). See Appendix A.

Gordon.

Geoff. See appendix, *Jeffrey, Francis*.

The Konnedies.

Miller.

Horner. See appendix, *Horner, Francis*.

Murray. See appendix, *Murray, Sir John Archibald*.





EDINR., *March 11, 1801.*

MY DEAR LOCH,—I daresay you have been much surprised at never hearing from me in answer to your two kind letters—indeed the real truth of the matter is, I had nothing to say, and did not wish to make you pay for it—besides laziness, *business* (as little as possible), and expectation every day of your writing me some news about the *queerities* that have been passing above stairs. In the first place, receive my thanks for your trouble about the commission—and in the next allow me to beg in the most particular manner possible that you would walk about a little with my cousin (and yours) John Richardson, who leaves this in a week and stays ten days exactly in London. I believe you don't know him—but as you are the best person in the world for showing him Lions, I have desired

him to call on you—you can get him into the House and the Courts—he is without exception one of the *best* young men I ever knew in my life—he is going to Germany, and I am sure will punctually execute any *Book Commissions* you may have to give him.

As his stay in town is so short, he will have very little time to see things—and he is well acquainted with some men who will lionize him also—but as you may have more in your power than they—I have scrawled these presents to introduce him to you—perhaps he may not call—in that case, you know, you have no further trouble—You can't imagine how abominable this Parlt. House work has been—I wish to God I were going with J. R., or anywhere, rather than here. Pray tell me what state *Political interest* is just now? We know nothing here at all. In my next I will give you the whole history of Bob Campbell. I daresay your mother is crowing over me on that point.

My best comp'ts to her and your Aunt,

and my respects to your Uncle—and kind remembrances to William and your own W.

Tytler is married and the faculty made him Prof. of Civil History! no opposition.—Your affecte. friend (longing to see you),

H. BROUGHAM.



## HENRY BROUGHAM (231-233)

John Richardson.

Bob Campbell.

Your Mother. See appendix, *Loch, Mary*.

Your Aunt.

Your Uncle. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

William. See appendix, *Adam, William G*.

Your own W.

Tytler.

H. Brougham (signature). See Appendix A.





EDINR., *April 6th*, 1801.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I have been vastly lazy and hope you'll excuse me on that score. Poor Sir C. Stuart! what a d—d loss to his son! Pray what do you think he has left—or do you hear what C. means to do?

One does not like to talk to himself about it yet. There is nothing at all like news here to tell you—except that the Wittses came over from Copenhagen in the ship that brought such a squad of ambassadors, merchants, etc. They talk of a bombardment as certain—and say the Danes are quite mad.

Of course you have heard all Bob Campbell's story already. He came here last week and went out to his brothers with Bob Hamilton (the only person that has in the least degree taken his part), and either that day or next morning set off again for London—'to get *more satisfaction*.' It is in my opinion

absolutely impossible for him ever to think of coming here again—whether he fights Sir C. or not.

P. Colquhoun, too, has at last left this and is going to Hamburg—you know his story, I take it for granted. So much for gossipation—only one word more, of *Gordoni*, he has been quite idle—scarcely ever attended Dr. Hume—and comes on in May for his trials—as does Miller—Gordon was seldom with anybody all the season, except Walker and *Koth*.

The Law is more and more horrid every day—and the Parlt. house is still more odious than the study part of Law. Nothing but absolute necessity can keep me at it—I mean the total want of a substitute for it.

What have you been about? and what do you mean to do?

Pray do you know whether the Duke of Portland is in any interest just now—or is it merely nominal?—Believe me, your most affe. friend,

H. B.

## HENRY BROUGHAM (237-238)

Sir C. Stuart. See appendix, *Stuart, Sir Charles*.

C.

Wittses.

Bob Campbell.

Bob Hamilton.

Sir C.

P. Colquhoun.

*Gordoni.*

Dr. Hume. See appendix, *Hume, David*.

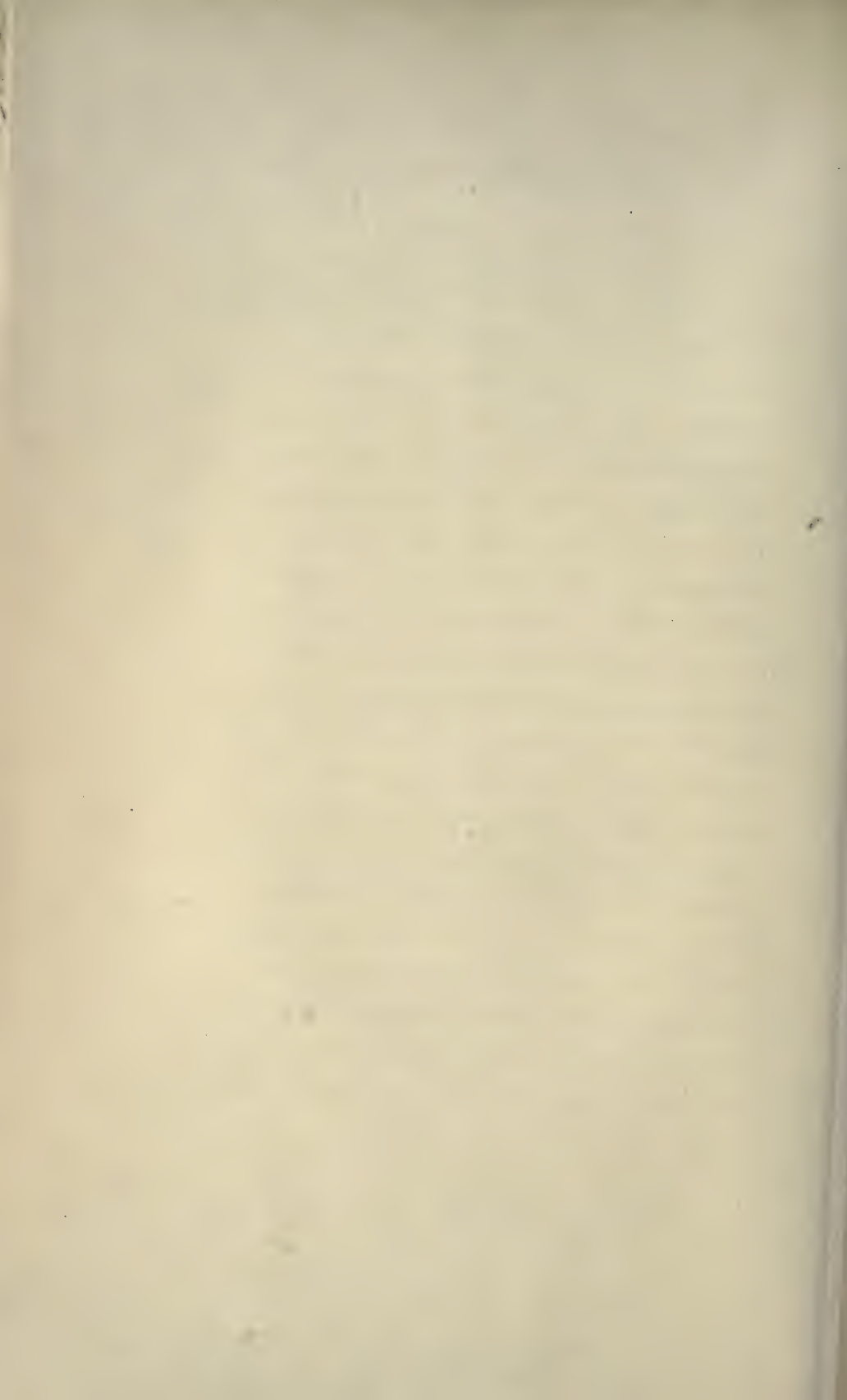
Miller. See appendix, *Miller, Thomas Hamilton*.

Walker.

*Koth.*

Duke of Portland. See appendix, *Portland, Duke of*.

H. B. (signature). Henry Brougham. See Appendix A.





EDINR., 11th April 1801.

MY DEAR LOCH,—Under the idea of business as an excuse I have been most unaccountably lazy of late; I am afraid it was but an idea, and if I was to ask what I had done, I should be found wanting. You, I dare say, may not have had the same plea, and as you seem to stand upon the punctilio of receiving an answer to one letter before you write another, I must say you are wrong. It is one thing to be in debt and another to be indebted to. If you mean to pass your trials this summer, you will be bending your steps this way soon. I believe Gordon is the first on the list to pass, and tho' he talks of it yet I hardly think he will trouble himself about the matter, at least this summer. Gordon's ostensible reason of going to Cambridge was to get free of a certain set, with whom it was thought that he was

more dissipated than he ought to have been. He came back again considerably changed indeed, whether for the better or not I shan't say. His old dissipated qualities being refreshed with a flash of what he had seen at Cambridge, and now he is more idle than ever. His whole delight, if we may judge by his conversation, consists in Dress and Eating. The latter of which he seems most uncommonly attached to. The consequence is that he gets himself laughed at by every person. We may be looking anxiously out for news from the Baltic. What say your wise people in the great City? If we could only make peace with France we would soon settle the Northern business. Peace, I think, we must have at any rate, else the country will be in a worse situation than it is. If this great object were obtained, I care not who is at the head of affairs. Indeed the person who can procure this, of whatever party he may be, will be most deservedly the favourite of the Nation—provided that it is such a one as is not abso-

lutely ruinous to us, which I conceive may be made.

I have been told lately that the Sheriffs and Magistrates have had orders to be active in looking about them, as in Scotland at this moment there are certain intelligence of people being seditiously at work, and it would not be surprising if we had some state trials in this part of the Kingdom. That there may be people who wait but for an opportunity to create disturbance is but too true, and at this time so favourable an opportunity could not have been given them.

An immense number of Manufacturers and working people are thrown idle in the West Country from the stoppage of the Baltic Trade, and now that Hamburgh is also shut their case will be much worse; adding to this the immense price of all the necessaries of life, it is not to be wondered at if they are discontented. To do the people of Scotland justice, they have borne their sufferings, and these not small, with great temper, but such

must wear out, and when these barriers are broken down, we cannot suppose that the torrent will be weak. The only trade which is now carried on from Leith to Hamburg is the American Bottoms, and so precarious do our merchants think the conveyance, that no goods are ever shipped to that place before they are paid for. It was just t'other day that an American sailed to Hamburg with £100,000 worth of Glasgow muslins, all paid before hand.

There is another flag under which goods are brought from Hamburg to Leith, but which nobody knows anything of, that is a flag of a people (neutral, I dare say, if it can be called Neutral, which is to be found nowhere) calling themselves Poppingbergers. Perhaps you may know such a people, tho' our merchants do not. They are supposed to dwell somewhere about the Hanse Towns.

If we have only such weather as we have had for some time past, for at this moment the ground is covered with snow—during the



rest of the season, our distresses will be much alleviated. The corn is springing finely and all sorts of work very forward. You must have got all the Scotch news from the number of Scotch Lawyers who are now in London. John Clerk must have been living in clover, drawing his appeal fees, and having nothing to think on but taking care of Bottom.

H. Brougham does not purpose going any more of the Circuits. I do not know what he does, for when I call on him I find the Book on which he pretends to read, always open at the same place. I rather think he sleeps a great deal. Whether it is that his Clerk, from whom he expected so much, has really no business to give him, or does not choose to employ him, is more than I can say, but true it is that he has never had but one Cause from him. He sometimes perhaps writes for H. Erskine, but then he gets none of the fees; tho' this may be a good way to get into Business (as they say it was in this way that the Solicitor got his), yet I would never follow it. The Cause



shall either be my own wholly, or else I will have nothing to do with it.

Young Tytler's being made a Proff. has stuck in Henry's gullet. David Hume was the proposer of this pretty appointment. He put it on the right excuse, 'the length of time and celebrity with which his father had held the Class.' This was well enough, but Andrew Balfour, who seconded the motion, put it merely on the 'young Gentleman's own merit, who, he was told, for he did not pretend any personal knowledge of him, was a young man of great study, extensive knowledge, and deep thought.' This made the thing so very ridiculous, that even the mover of the measure could hardly keep his countenance. Tytler has got a wife, and at the present is, I dare say, a young man of great study. I doubt much if he has as yet attained much extensive knowledge, or deep thought. Old Tytler gives him an allowance, and this Proff'ship goes to account.

Who came over from Copenhagen with young Drummond but the Wittses, whom you

may recollect here several years ago. Young Witts was Drummond's Private Secretary, and the old man and his lady are exactly what they used to be. Old Witts has the very same stick he had when he was here, and carries it in the selfsame Stile. H. Brougham is infernally bored with them.

You must have heard long ago of the fracas between Bob Campbell and Sir C. Douglas, as they are now in London. It has furnished matter of converse to Edinbr. all the winter. Campbell got some kind of acknowledgement from D. and came down on the strength of it to Scotland, but as at school when we got a line to excuse us for non-attendance, when not satisfactory, we were sent back to get another, so Campbell has been returned on a similar errand. I hardly think he will ever venture to this place again, at least he need not, for I do not believe he would be received.

Beefy is giving Routs. I was there at one. His observation was—(repeated very slow)—  
'Mrs. —, you are asking more people than

our Rooms will hold, we shall be laughed at.' However, things went à *Merveille*.

We had letters lately from Ireland. Everything is quiet where he is; but from what the Irish members say—if we can believe them—they will not be long so. They do indeed at present try the Murdering trade, but that they have done all along. The Catholics' idea of an emancipation and that of Mr. Pitt's is, I should suppose, very different. Their idea is to extirpate all the present landowners and to reinstate the ancient inhabitants in their possessions as it was in the time so far back as Earl Strongbow, in the reign of Henry II. This we neither can do nor, if it was possible, would we. So they will find themselves a little mistaken in their notion. This is indeed in them not a new idea, as it is what the Catholic part of Ireland have laboured to obtain for years. Write soon, and if you have nothing to say—by Jasus, you must say something.

Compts. to all in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and believe me,—Yours most sincerely,

ANDREW CLEPHANE.

## ANDREW CLEPHANE (241-248)

Gordon.

Poppingbergers.

John Clerk. See appendix, *Clerk, John, Lord Eldin*.

H. Brougham. See Appendix A.

H. Erskine. See appendix, *Erskine, Henry*.

The Solicitor. See appendix, *Blair, Robert, of Avonton*.

Tytler.

David Hume. See appendix, *Hume, David*.

His father.

Andrew Balfour.

Old Tytler.

Drummond.

The Wittses.

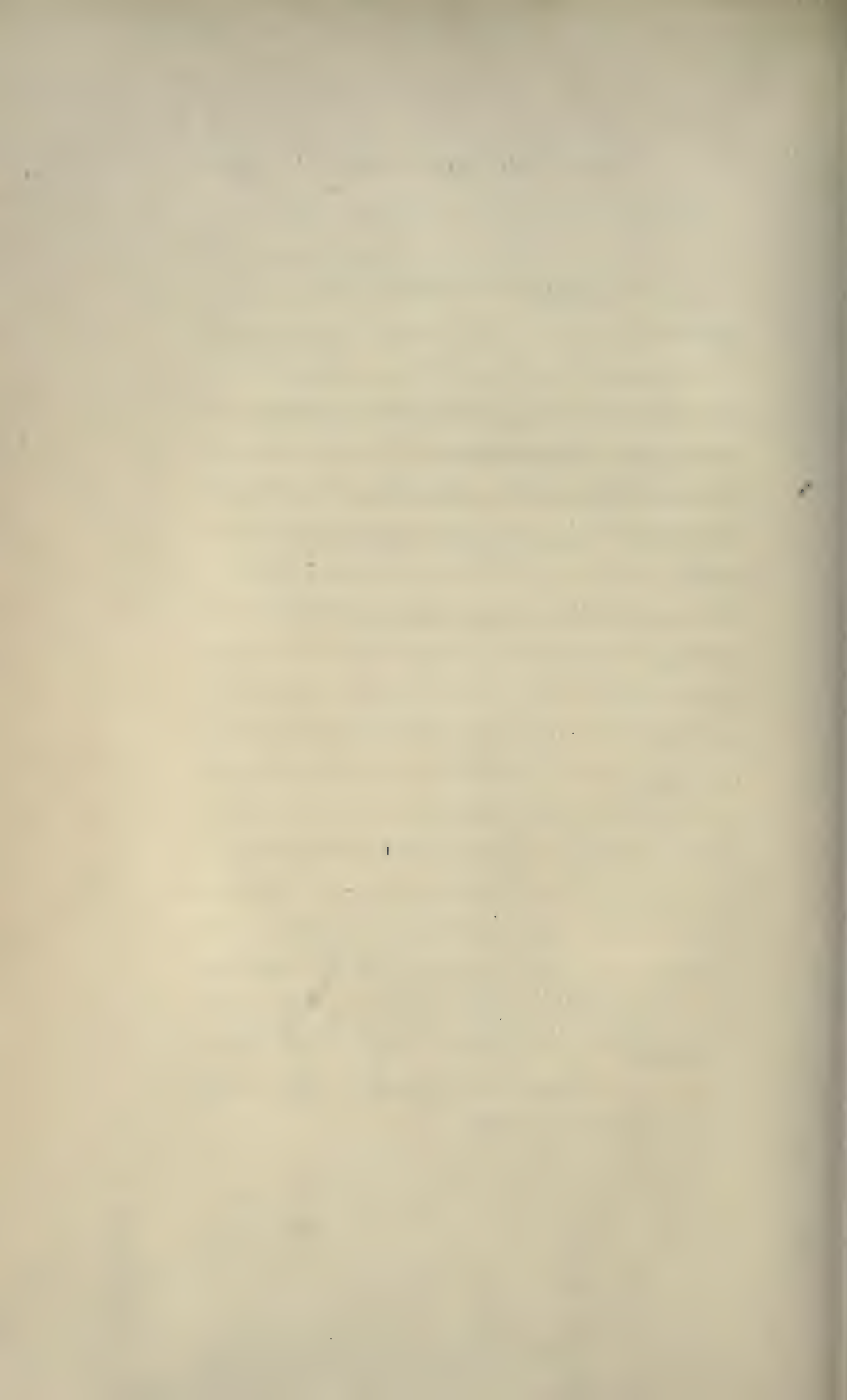
Bob Campbell.

Sir C. Douglas.

Beefy.

Mr. Pitt. See appendix, *Pitt, William*.

Andrew Clephane (signature). See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew*.





CAMP BEFORE ALEXANDRIA,

*May 15, 1801.*

MY DEAR JAMES,—I take the opportunity of writing by a conveyance which I am sure is safe, I mean by Bouverie of our Regiment, who returns home on promotion, lucky Dog! And to be A.D.C. to Sir Jas. Sinclair.

Here we are doing nothing, looking at each other, strengthening ourselves, and just as vigilant as ever.

In my last letter I mentioned the death of poor Sir Ralph, but said nothing of his successor, M. Gen. Hutchinson—the Hero of Ballynahinch. Perhaps you forgot how prettily he was licked, surprised, and how he lost his cannon—quite in style.

This man now commands us—this same Hero, and if he fails, Government deserve it for employing him.

Now what I have said by way of prelude,

is enough to show he is no favourite of mine—I believe he is pretty nearly the same with everybody else.

Conceive that his first act was to take away forage from the officers, and I have asked several people who know, and am told it is not from scarcity but for some reason of his own, which nobody knows anything of.

The distance from this position to Rosetta is about 25 miles. Gen. Hutchinson took three or four days and kept the Army waiting for him before it moved forward. When he arrived, he moved a mile or two with the Army and then delayed at Rosetta himself. He did not move forward till the 8th or 10th, though he arrived on the [?] and had everything ready to move. Indeed he hardly knew whether the enemy were in his front or in his rear, and conceive his finding fault with Sir Sidney Smith for reconnoitring the enemy's advanced post, which, by the bye, neither he and the like, none of his staff, had ever done.

I wish Sir Sidney commanded us instead of him. Sir Sidney has a great deal of activity, a great deal of courage and great talents. I own I did not think so once, I do now. However, on or about the 10th, the Army moved to attack the Enemy, when behold! this wise man found they had decamped and left some artillery and invalids who, by means of their cannon, killed and wounded forty or fifty of our men. This would not have happened if we had advanced at the point of the bayonet. The time *was* when we should have done so. However, we took Rahmaniah, and probably if we had not delayed the attack we might have found their principal force there, at any rate they would not have gained above some few hours' march—now they have got one or two days. Head Quarters arrived in the Delta the 1st, and we did not attack till the 10th. Why was there such a delay? Why give the enemy time to strengthen himself? Why allow him to receive more troops from Alexandria? (or

any other point he can bring them from). Why give him time to send away his treasure, which report says was there? Because, because, why, because the Genls. Head ach'd—his tooth ach'd, or perhaps he was in the middle of an agreeable Novel, or any other reason you chuse to give. He may have his reasons, may be good ones, but it appears so obvious to all the Army that he ought to have attacked sooner, that they really are out of Humour. Genl. Craddock was sent out to look for the enemy with 1500 men. What an opportunity to attack! He was advised to do it, but would not; he was afraid of endangering Genl. Craddock. The whole force of the enemy was not 3000 men. We were 6000 at least if the Main Body had attacked them in front, and Genl. Craddock would certainly have got on their flank, if not in their rear. However, we have taken Rahmaniah, and in it 300 sick and invalids. They are pursuing the enemy towards Cairo, it is not impossible the Grand Vizier may



meet them, or rather stop them. If so, *c'est une affaire finie*. They must be beaten, if we can overtake them it is the same thing, but they are making for Upper Egypt, that is the best game they can play, we can't follow them, it is impossible. So much for the Military Operations of this country. Now, for what I can learn about the country itself, my own knowledge from what I have seen is but small. I have seen, Good Lord! about ten miles in length and four in width. What a stock of information I must have!

But, joking apart—the Soil is Sand, and there are a great many Date trees. That there is scarcity of water is false as yet, at least, wherever we have dug, there have we found water and plenty of it. I have seen nothing very extraordinary in the way of antiquities. I have found a statue very roughly carved, and indeed not worth anything, but as it was found here, it is worth while to have a sketch of it. I will get a friend of mine to take one for me. Any



natural curiosities I have not seen. There are Snakes, Centipedes, Scorpions, Lizards, and things of that kind innumerable. A little animal between a rat and a rabbit apparently; not larger than a rat and very tame—I think, the Jerboa or Jerbois.

As yet the climate is not alarmingly unhealthy; we are in the most healthy part of it, close to the sea and sixteen days in twenty a fine sea-breeze; the Sun is certainly very hot, and when a Siroque or S.E. wind comes it is very unpleasant; the air is uncommonly hot and stifling, and the sand flies about us in clouds; but the descriptions travellers give is much more terrible than anything we have yet experienced. The inhabitants we have seen (chiefly natives of the Delta) are a miserable, poor, unhappy looking, lazied race. They are clothed in a blue linen shirt reaching to the knee, and some with a sash or girdle of linen or cotton round the loins, some without. They are all without stockings, and few, very few, have

shoes, or rather kid slippers, their turbans are of various coloured cloth or cotton rather, wrapped round the head. We have seen a few Bedouin Arabs, their dress is different, a long robe or rather blanket of a thinnish texture thrown over their shoulders in a loose way and a shirt, composes their dress. I have seen no women, but I am told by people who have, that they are extremely dirty and ugly. I have heard nothing about their dress, but like all other Mahommedan women they hide their face on the approach of a stranger.

The Dancing Girls I have not seen, but am told they throw themselves into all kind of attitudes and are not very shy. It is an odd thing to see a parcel of women with their chins stained blue, but I am told these people think it beautiful.

The climate is so fruitful, that even in the barren sand, between this and Aboukir, you see vines, fig-trees, and roses in the highest perfection. You find there in small gardens about fifty feet square, railed in with a kind

of shrub, bearing a fruit about the size of a crab apple, but red, not bad to eat if you don't eat above two or three.

Our men as yet are not very unhealthy; it is a different climate from that which they are accustomed to, consequently we have a larger number of sick, but not enough to alarm. The Ophthalmia has begun; we have upwards of thirty or forty men in the regiment ill with it, but I don't think that many, if any, will suffer much more than the merest inconvenience. Our men do not want for fresh provision, and although we would be better of vegetables, yet as the men can buy pumpkins (the most healthy thing possible) we do pretty well. What fresh provisions the men have they buy themselves, and as they have plenty of money, they don't want; thanks to our being on board ship for that. Never was Army worse paid. It is here the middle of May, and we have not yet received Bait and forage due at the beginning of the year; the Army has only been paid till March.

Our men are obliged to receive salt rations and pay for them, yet we have a great part of the Delta and we have formed no plan to draw supplies from it, shameful! O for a little activity, ye Gods! The market is well supplied; you get a good sheep for three dollars ( $1\frac{3}{6}$ ), and the mutton is superior to anything, except Mr. Waite's, three geese for a dollar ( $\frac{4}{6}$ ), fifteen pigeons at the same price, fowl and every other article in proportion; but we are cheated terribly by the merchants who come from Smyrna and other places. Conceive a man charging at the rate of very nearly  $\frac{4}{6}$  a bottle for port wine; another scoundrel—a Greek—owned he had cleared 150 per cent., and said it was not worth while to come back. Conceive eight dollars ( $36/-$ ) for a pound of common tea.

I have mentioned to you that Gen. Hutchinson found fault with Sir Sidney Smith's reconnoitring. In consequence, Sir S. is gone on board ship, and with good reason. He went regretted as well as admired by every officer



in the Army, and loved for his uncommon courage by every soldier. I think I never saw a man with so active a mind, so much enterprise, and few with more military genius. I wish he was a Major-Gen. He is more adapted for the Army than the Navy. I wish he was, at least, our Quarter-Master General, if not commander-in-chief.

How travellers delight in telling fibs. There was no rain in their time, but since, we have had it very often and very hard ; but I will leave Egypt and come home to you.

How is my father and how are you all ? Do you go to Scotland this year or not ? If you do, pray do not let that scoundrel—the Fox-hunter, poach and kill all the Game. If you can get my father to allow only particular people and not every weaver in Dumfermline to shoot it would be a good thing.

Is ‘Snuff’ going to Charterhouse after a little time, and what becomes of Willy ?

I suppose you and William go on studying as hard as usual.



I must tell you one thing—that I have slept in my cloaths every night since I have been on shore. We turn out every morning an hour before daylight and remain under arms till it is broad day. Duty comes not very hard, once in 4 or 5 nights on Piquet; notwithstanding I never was better in my life, except now and then I have a touch of dysentery. My uncle is quite well, cruising off, Sir J. Warren with a part of the ships, is gone to Malta.

I hope the Kennedys are well. Pray give my kindest love to all and everyone, and believe me, my Dear James,—Yours very sincerely,

FREDERICK ADAM.

*P.S.*—I have not had a scrap from any of you for a long time. I had a fortnight ago a letter from Clemy, dated 21st September.

To JAMES LOCH, Esq.,

Wm. Adam's, Esq.,

Lincoln's Inn Fields,

London.



## FREDERICK ADAM (251-261)

Bouverie.

Sir Jas. Sinclair.

Sir Ralph. See appendix, *Abercromby, Sir Ralph*.

M.-Gen. Hutchinson. See appendix, *Hely Hutchinson, John*.

Sir Sidney Smith.

Genl. Craddock.

Mr. Waites.

My father. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

'Snuff.'

Willy. See appendix, *Adam, William G*.

William.

My uncle.

Sir J. Warren.

Kennedys.

Frederick Adam (signature). See appendix, *Adam, Sir Frederick*.

Clemy.



EDINBR., 15<sup>th</sup> May 1801.

I cannot say that I think you absolutely mad for your arrangement with respect to your future line of life—at least I know that if I had the advantages which you possess, I would have preferred the English to the Scotch Bar. But as I have no connection whatever with England, such a thing to me would have been quite impossible—without doubt, more is to be made at the English Bar than here. However, to make things square, our ideas with regard to preferment are more moderate, and we are thankful for the little we receive—for such things as a Sherifffdom, or professorship, or such like, is no bad thing. And as you look forward to the Woolsack, I do not think it impossible that in time I may arrive at the honour of being a Judge Ordinary. If Neil Fergusson can be persuaded to



live for ten years or so—and my brother happen to be in Parliament at the time, there is no saying what he may be able to do for me. At the same time, the jurisdiction of Fife would be the worst of the kind for me, as it is probable my business for some length of time at least will come from that quarter. These thoughts are somewhat premature, for if things go on in their present train, many things may happen before that.

Tho' I was never the least afraid of the French making a descent on this Country, I confess it appears more likely now than it ever did, and they have so little to do with their men that I would not be surprised if they would attempt a landing somewhere on these dominions. Such a thing we would probably laugh at, tho' the alarm which it would create at the time would be *no small*. If the worst should happen, I have, as you know, a Corps of Veteran Troops, experienced and well disciplined. Let me tell you they have seen Service, that is to say, they might have seen

it, but being in the dark, and no enemy, the chance was rather against it.

What think you of our promotion in the Law department? Tho' it has been long talked of it was very sudden at last. Hope will make an immensity of money; being obliged to go to London at any rate (as he comes into Parliament of course), he will be employed in every appeal to the house of Lords, on business which he has hitherto so uniformly declined—so much so that he refused £800 to attend the appeal of the Bargeny Cause. It is now said that Wm. Rae succeeds Hope in the Sherifffdom of Orkney. This is rather unexpected; as it was more probable that John Burnet would have got it, and David Boyle would have got his place of Deputy Advocate. This seemed the more likely as Burnet has been long in that place, and it is some time since Boyle's arm was broken. The Solicitor-General is to be the Dean of Faculty, the offer of which produced an answer completely characteristic. He said 'he had no objection

to accept the office of Dean if they would appoint a Sub-Dean to do the business.'

From what you say I suppose we shan't see you here this year; as to passing your trials here, if you are so inclined, that may be done in a very short time. A fortnight, or at most three weeks, will do the Business, and no great knowledge in the law is required for the performance of that farce. Gordon passed on Friday, and knew as little about it as most people. Miller is the next, and Lang comes after, and then your humble servant in the beginning of the Winter Session. The subject of my Thesis is 'Nautie Caupones Statu-darii.' I am looking out for a person on the Bench or at the Bar whose progenitors held any of these stations in the world, to whom I may dedicate, that he may hear his ancestors abused as '*homines levissimae fidei*.' Hitherto I have been unsuccessful in my search. Do you think there would be any impropriety in my dedicating to the memory of some person deceased? The dedication

would have novelty at least to recommend it, and 'de mortuis nil nisi *boreum*' might be introduced with some effect.

The Broughams are well—James is always engaged at Tait's. Henry in the vacation seemed to have slept all his time, as his book on which he pretends to read lay open always at the same place—and by all accounts he will not have much to do during the Session.

The renowned Robt. Campbell is in Edinbr. He has not had the assurance to appear in the House yet, tho' he walks about the streets. The only person who takes any notice of him is Ballantyne the Cloth Merchant. The Spiers of Elderslie still admit of his visits. They always disbelieved the story, and now of course he will be quite cleared in their eyes by Sir C. D.'s declaration. Adam Ross arrived here the other day. He is much better than I expected, considering the opportunities he has had. That poor Cuckold of a General is at last, they say, coming home. For my part I shall never believe it till I see



him arrived. I must own when he does come he comes to very little comfort.

As for Susan, as all she wants is a —— you may [be able] to give her that without my assistance. We had [letters from] Minorca where David is; I thought it not improbable [that they] would have sent the troops there to Egypt : he puts us how[ever right] on that head by saying that his Regt. has refused to go [there]. Indeed some of them grumble at being sent so far from [home]. The discipline which they keep up there is very strict and it does not agree with the stomachs of Militiamen.

I have not heard anything of poor Mr. Seton for some time, but shall this very day enquire for him. He is [was] in a very miserable condition when I last saw him, being continually confined to bed, the skin in many parts of his body is broke—after this in general, life is very short, as these places in a little time mortify, which soon proves fatal. Life in such a state is not to be desired and



not to be wished for to him even by his best friends. I would have called on him before now, but Mr. Dundas told me he did not wish to see anybody.

Now that you have got chambers, let me advise you to lay in a good stock of liquors that they may be in good condition by the time I beat you up—which I look forward to as a period certain yet not fixed. Remember me to all in L. I. F's.—Yours ever,

ANDREW CLEPHANE.

Geo. Graham is now at Kinross, but whether a married man or a bachelor is more than the world can say. James is an Ass and laughs at his father at all hands. I wish Geo. would move. Could you fall on any way to find out somebody who knows Major Arthur Balfour, No. 31 Portland Place. He has in his possession my poor brother George's watch. If you could contrive in any way to get it from him and send it by any Scotchman coming

down—if you can do this without any trouble to yourself, I would esteem it a great favour. If you find such a person, direct him to give it to me or Henry, so that my mother may not chance to see it.

## ANDREW CLEPHANE (265-272)

Neil Fergusson. See appendix, *Fergusson, Neil*.

My Brother.

Hope. See appendix, *Hope, Charles*.

Wm. Rae.

John Burnet.

David Boyle.

Solicitor-General. See appendix, *Blair, Robert, of Avonton*.

Gordon.

Miller. See appendix, *Miller, Thomas Hamilton*.

Lang.

James. See appendix, *Brougham, James*.

Tait's.

Henry. See Appendix A.

Robt. Campbell.

Ballantyne.

Spiers of Elderslie.

Sir C. D.

Adam Ross.

Susan.

David.

Mr. Seton.

Mr. Dundas.

Andrew Clephane (signature). See appendix, *Clephane*,  
*Andrew*.

Geo. Graham.

James.

George.

Major Arthur Balfour.

Henry.

My Mother.

EDINR., *June 5, 1801.*

MY DEAR LOCH,—You will be surprised, I have no doubt, at my being so long in your debt—the only reason is in fact, that I have waited till something should occur worth elevenpence—and after all I don't think I have got any thing—unless it be that they mean to give poor J. Millar's class to that stupidest of all brutes Robt. Davidson—and David Douglas gives up the other collectorship of decisions—for these two vacancies Forbes and Jardine started—and we have set up the Jeof. ag't them—tho' he was very late of begining, yet the others have managed matters so ill, that we have very great hopes. We have got 60 votes sure—and shall most likely have another vacancy if Forbes and Jeffrey are elected, for in that case the former would probably refuse—it will certainly *put*



David Hume *mad* besides doing the little man a great deal of good.

*Gordon* is called to the bar—Miller is in the country and talks of waiting till next winter.

W. Adam wrote to James, that you had some thoughts of coming down this session—which I could scarcely believe after what Clephane told me about your plans—viz. that you meant to be L'd *Can*:—if you do intend passing here, you have no time to lose. My opinion is that both professions are disagreeable and bad—but especially the Scots—as it keeps you quite out of all chances of rising in other ways—and is in itself extremely slow and uncertain.

You would hear of course that C. Stuart has been appointed Sec'y of Legation to Vienna—he tells me he did not hesitate one moment—indeed I knew that nothing but absolute force ever kept him to the Law.

Bob Campbell has been here since the session sat down—people don't absolutely

cut him—the Clerks affect to take his part, probably because he is connected with the Grandees—but everybody *shies* him—and people only speak to him when he comes in their way—as an instance, he walked about three weeks in the house before I spoke to him—merely because I resolved not to do so till he forced me to it by coming up and addressing me—he won't stay here, I suppose.

G. Abercromby continues in the house—which is mean and low, and plebian beyond conception—he has a petty place of depute-advocate—and makes, I fancy, 10 guineas a session.

I received the books quite safe and give you 1000 thanks for your trouble—and wish to pay the damage. Many thanks also for your civilities to J. Richardson—if he is still in town tell him I am very angry at him for not writing to me.

I have heard from a person rather in the secret, that [the] Ministry don't expect news from Egypt sooner than the end of this month

—which looks as if Hutcheson had given them private information that he meant to act only upon the defensive—what say people about you, upon the invasion? I hear the King is quite well. Duke of Norfolk has been here for a day or two.

My best comp'ts and remembrances to all  
—and believe me,—Ever your affectionate  
friend,

HENRY BROUGHAM, jun.

## HENRY BROUGHAM (275-278)

J. Millar. See appendix, *Millar, John*.

Robt. Davidson.

David Douglas.

Forbes. See appendix, *Forbes, John Hay*.

Jardine.

The Jeof. See appendix, *Jeffrey, Francis*.

David Hume. See appendix, *Hume, David*.

*Gordoni*.

Miller. See appendix, *Miller, Thomas Hamilton*.

Wm. Adam. See appendix, *Adam, William G*.

James. See appendix, *Brougham, James*.

Clephane. See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew*.

C. Stuart.

Bob Campbell.

The Clerks.

G. Abercromby. See appendix, *Abercromby, George Ralph*.

J. Richardson.

Hutcheson. See appendix, *Hely Hutchinson, John*.

Duke of Norfolk.

Henry Brougham, jun. (signature). See Appendix A.



17 Nov. 1801.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I most sincerely wish you joy of your stolen march into the Gown of a Scotch Advocate.

You must have fallen upon some extraordinary method of Cajoling your Examiner, or some powerful receipt for Acquiring Knowledge.

I think, however, you cannot dedicate your Thesis to me. Not that I am not much delighted with this as with every other mark of your Love and Affection, but I think William Adam might as well dedicate a Thesis to me.

As to your motions. First of all you should not leave Scotland till you see how your own affairs stand. Make Mat get them through. Next, I should like very much to get you to settle my reduced arrangements at Blair—and to get Bruce forward with my accounts and particularly with Macbean's account which should be brought up and settled.

My notion is to finish all the roads, to finish the sunk fence down the North Avenue and the Garden yard. To lay down the Well Park. To drain the Shints, but not break it up. To plant the back of the Berries, the flat at the bottom of the dam, and go on with the Excambion, and there leave things to bring the greatest profit possible, for every farthing of rent must now be collected to pay interest.

Perhaps a time may come that will restore the enjoyments of improvement, but as things are now I must be secure against the possibilities of injustice.

As to a Gown—borrow one. You could not get one properly made here without being measured for it, and it will be moth-eaten before you can use it here.

As soon as you have arranged these things, come up—and speak English.—Yours ever,

W. ADAM.

To JAMES LOCH, Esq.,  
George St.,  
Edinr.

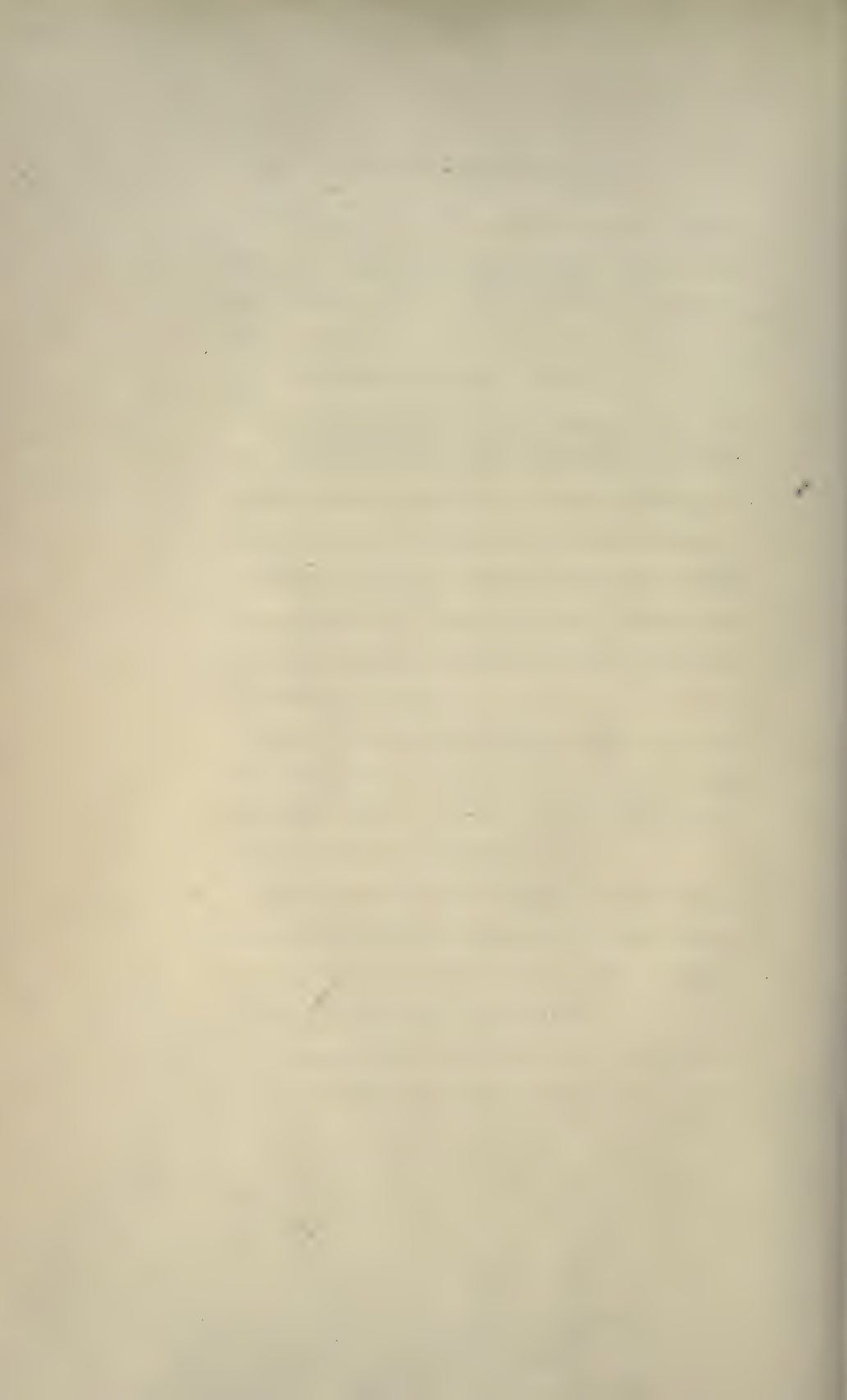
## WILLIAM ADAM (281-282)

Mat.

Bruce.

MacBean.

W. Adam (signature). See appendix, *Adam, William*.



EDINR., Dec. 23, 1801.

MY DEAR LOCH,—I was much affected by your very friendly alacrity in executing my commission, and shall, on that account, make no words about it, farther than to say how infinitely better I like you than any one else, man, woman, or child, and like you better every day I know you—only your going away in such a d—d hurry, etc. etc.

The following letter is altogether on the Book :—

#### PLAN.

*Introduction.*—Giving a view of the subject and its history, with other preliminary matter.

*Part I.* General principles of the science (having in the introduction shown that it is a *science* and reducible to general principles).

This part will consist of a variety of dis-



cussions and will at every step call in the help of History and Statistics, both to prove the positions laid down, and to shew the principles of various arrangements heretofore refer'd to the force of treaties on the *Public Law* of Europe.

I shall here give the titles of a few chapters as specimens :—

- I. The essential difference between the situation and policy of Anc't and Modern states, as influencing their relations to each other.
- II. The circumstances which constitute National force and resources.
- III. The influence of Natl. Character and of forms of Gov't on foreign relation—(highly imp't).
- IV. (Preliminary to the foregoing) the indirect influence of the people on domestic policy.
- V. Their indirect influence on foreign policy.
- VI. The principles of bal. of power and its history.

- vii. General illustrn. of the foregoing from the state of Europe during ye last (18th) Century.
- viii. On Foreign Colonies.
- ix. On Commercial connections.
- x. On Conquest and defence.
- xi. On Federal Government.
- xii. On International law.
- xiii. The national influence of nations on each other in ye European Commonwealth.

These I have set down without any arrangement, as you must immediately perceive.

*Part II.* Application to the State of Europe and the European Colonies.

This includes a particular, practical view of the relative force and interests of each State, and its general history as connected w<sup>h</sup> other States, with the probable consequences on its future progress. Thus speculations are introduced on the decay of the Turkish Empire, etc.—the probable issue of that event with

regard to Russia and its own distant provinces—on the connections of the Europeans in the *W. Indies*, and the probabilities of the Slave trade there—on the relations of Gt. Britain wt. the *E. Indian* powers and with the nations beyond the Ganges—as Ava, China, etc., and also w'h the distant provinces of the Porte—on the progress of France—on that of ye Germanic Empire as related to Austria—Prussia and ye Princes—and, above all, on the future progress of Portugal, should she move to *Brazil*—and of Spain, should she pursue her present *enlightened* (and by us all, unknown) system of policy.

These specs. are all introd'y as consequences of the facts laid down, and are necessary to point out the connections of the powers w'h each other, and their best lines of policy.

*Part III.* Proofs and Illustrations, containing references and quotations—analysis and abridgements—tables statistical, historical, and chronological, being a view of the materials

whence the former parts were extracted and deducted.

The above may take 3 vols. octavo—or two at the very least—and might be compressed to 800 or expanded to above 1200 pages.

Pray let me know what *they* say; I mean, of course, to sell the *MS.*—Sound them on the valuable point of the *Price*. Write soon, and excuse all from, My Dearest Loch, yours affy.,

HENRY BROUGHAM.

To JAMES LOCH, Esq.,

Barrister-at-Law,

WILL ADAM'S, Esq.,

Lincoln's Inn Fields,

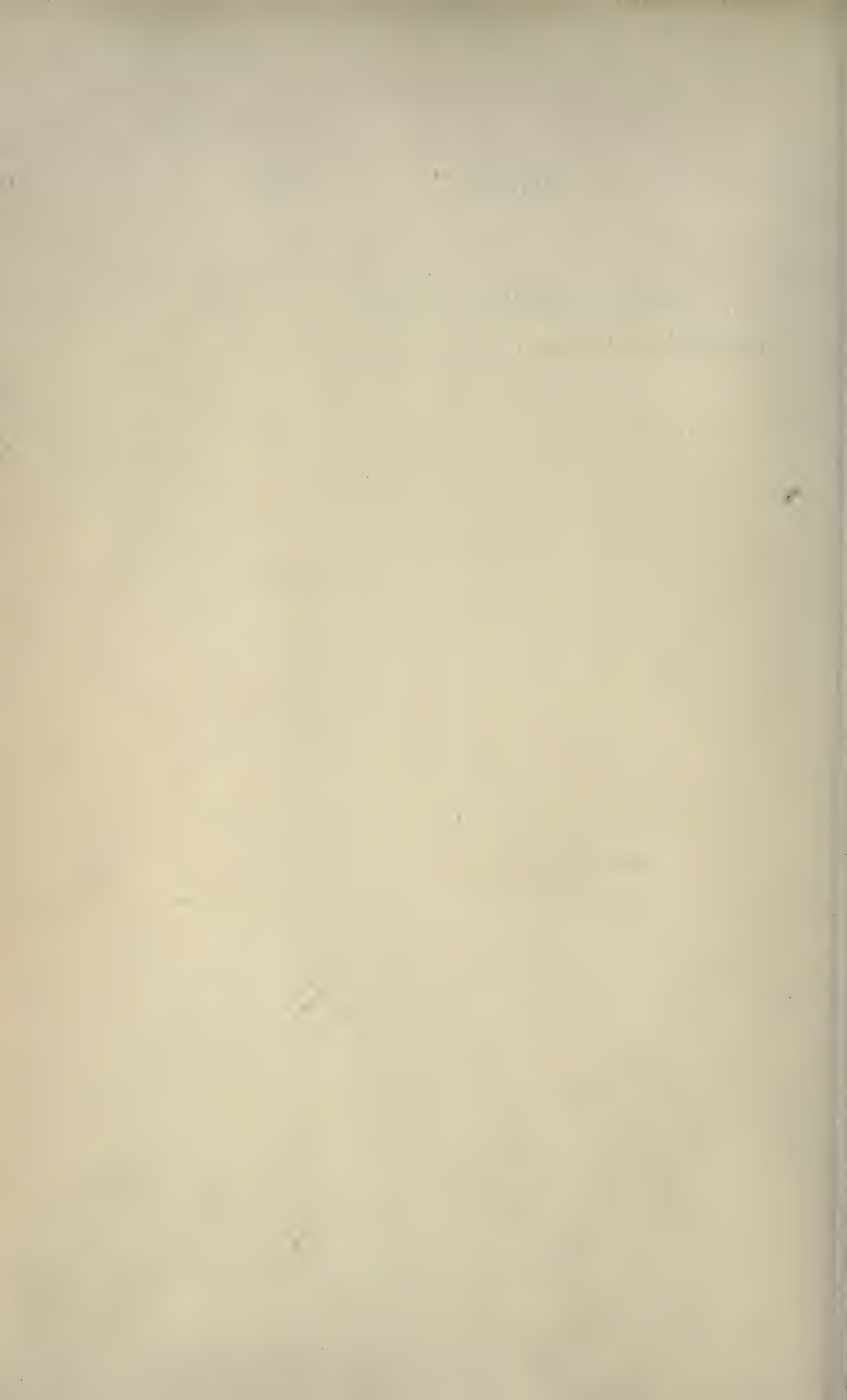
London.





HENRY BROUGHAM (285-289)

Henry Brougham (signature). See Appendix A.



ADVOCATES' LIBRARY,  
EDINBR., 3rd Feb. 1802.

DEAR LOCH,—I must own that it is not using you well to write my first letter to you on the subject of business, but I have got so much into the way of that same thing called business, that I hardly know how to talk or write anything else. The meaning of the letter on the other page is this. James Keay, whom you are acquainted with, asked me if you had appointed a Clerk, and if not he would take it as a favour if you would appoint a person of his recommendation. Mr. Wardlaw is a Clerk of John Syme's, and should you please to appoint him to that important office, he promises to give you all the Appeals that he may be concerned in. So you see this favour is not asked gratis. If you approve of him you have nothing to do but to sign the fore-

going letter and send it back to me,—so much for business.

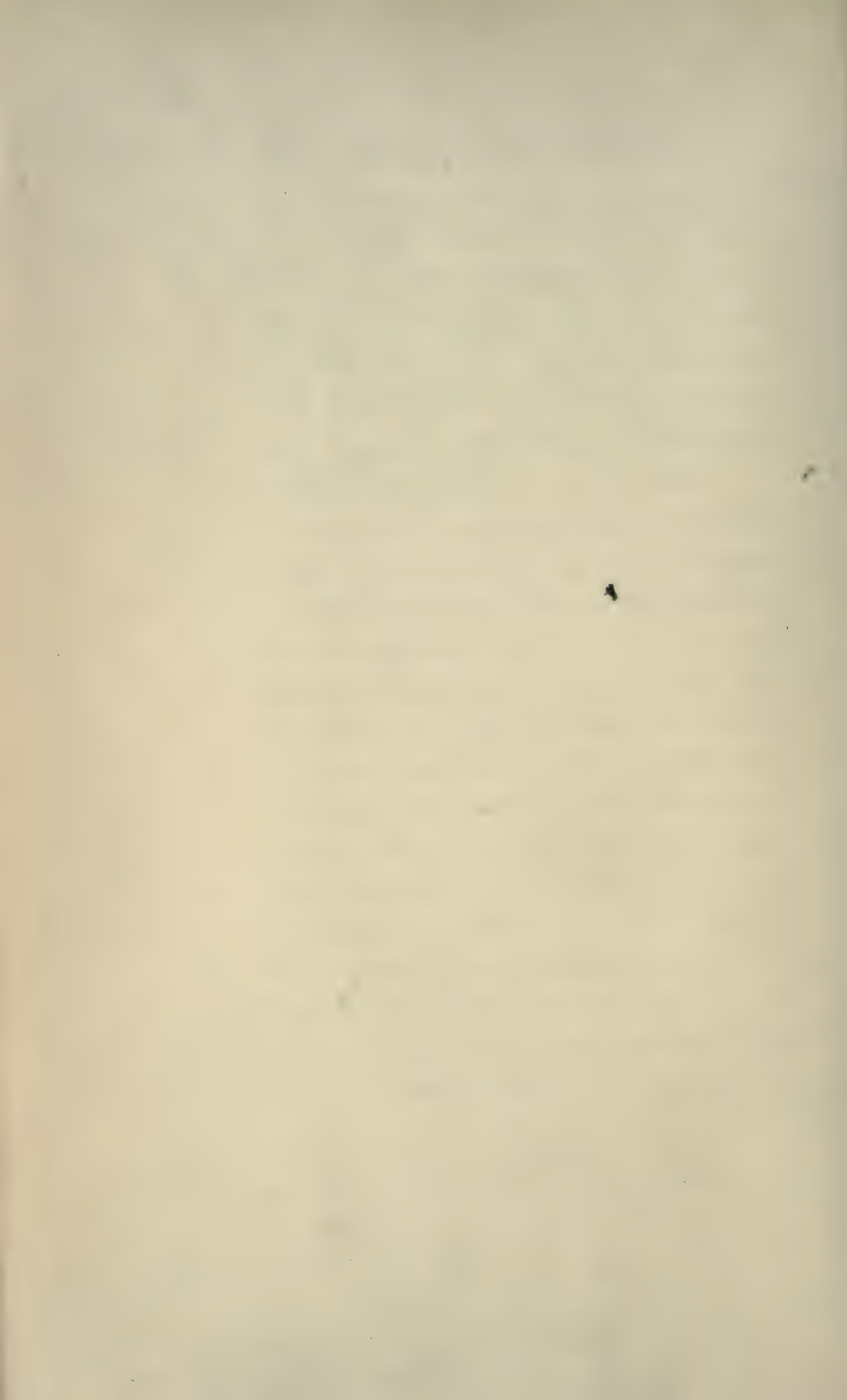
You must have been much taken up of late that you could spare no time for us since you went up. I hope you will not please to be silent much longer. I cannot say that I have much experienced the business of a Lawyer. This in good time.

Who do you think should have fee'd me the other day but Andrew Steele. I was walking with W'm when we met A. S., who picked me up, as I might say, *qua* W——e, took me up a Common Stair and —— gave me the Cash. The worst of it is that the Cause is a very bad one, and I shall lose it; but I cannot help it. I am one of the Lawyers for the poor, so may get some honour in that way. Profit being a thing little known in that line. Anent the Parliamentary business of Kinross, I understand there is no opposition, James Graham having given up the idea of attempting it himself. Graham has got out his horns a good deal; he buys Hunters, and subscribes to

Hounds at a great rate, and I understand, has actually consulted David Black whether under his father's will he may not safely marry Miss Muter. Anent these things I shall write you more in full very soon. Give my respects to all in L. I. F., and let me hear from you soon, and believe me yours ever,

ANDREW CLEPHANE.





## ANDREW CLEPHANE (293-295)

James Keay.

Mr. Wardlaw.

John Syme.

Andrew Steele.

Wm. See appendix, *Adam, William G.*

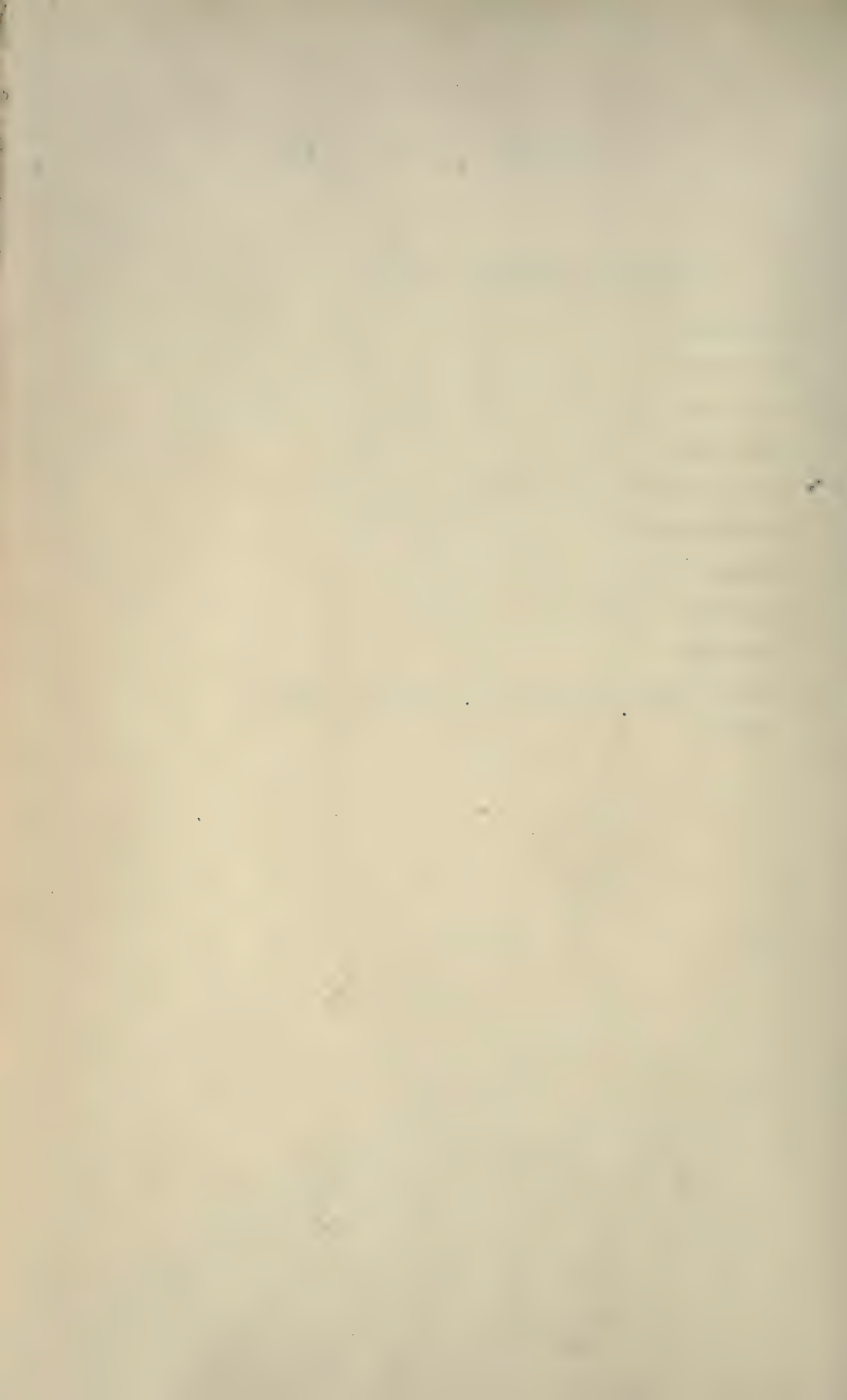
James Graham.

His father.

David Black.

Miss Muter.

Andrew Clephane (signature). See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew.*



(EDINBURGH), Tuesday, *Feb.* 9th, 1802.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I have nothing in the world to say in this *dispatch*—except that it comes to you by Campbell the *P. of Hope*—know him for your own sake—he is prepared to delight in your acquaintance—I never valued him till I had seen him much—his travels have infinitely improved him—he is to stay a few weeks in London—for the publication of his new subscription edition—which you know is all he is to make by the 9000 and odd copies already sold.

Many thanks again and again for the trouble you have had in my concern. D—d law has kept off my Politics, but I come slowly on by starts, and find matters Press on me—pray search me out Men and Books on Brazil and Spanish America, chiefly well informed Portuguese and Spaniards—of whom there must be several in town. My wish is to have one

general query answered, 'What changes have happened there since 1776 or 7—? what maps and books give an account of these parts since then?'

Do you wish for a good introduction to Sir J. Banks and his R. Society set—if so write me per return and I'll send it—you had better.

My best compts. to your Uncle—(as well as others) with thanks for his letters. I made another effort with the court to stay execution—and have not received the sentence. I continue to like W. Adam—but on examination don't find that I like him 1/10 so well as you—without compliment—tip me your fist—God bless you—Amen.

H. BROUGHAM.

To JAMES LOCH, Esq.,

Advocate,

W. Adam's, Esq.,

Lincoln's Inn Fields,

London.

(hand by

*Mr. Campbell.*)



## H. BROUGHAM (299-300)

Campbell. See appendix, *Campbell, Thomas*.

Sir J. Banks. See appendix, *Banks, Sir Joseph*.

Your Uncle. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

W. Adam. See appendix, *Adam, William G*.

H. Brougham (signature). See Appendix A.



EDINBURGH, 14<sup>th</sup> March 1802.

YOURS, My Dear Loch, inclosing the momentous appointment of your Clerk, I have received, for which Keay returns many thanks, and I dare say the favored person, the *Clemens beatus* is no less deeply impressed. You abused me so much for disturbing your studies that I am not certain whether I should dare again to encroach on Blackstone and the other worthies. However, the opportunity of saving you postage was so tempting that I must brave the Law for once. Russell proceeds directly to the Capital, where I should have been much pleased to have accompan'd him, but the fates and the finances seem to have been against it. In fact, the latter system is somewhat deranged, for which I have been prescribed by the learned, Abstinence and Quiet. That same thing called money is certainly the root of all

evil, though I am not sure but that the want of it may have the same effect. Come what may, I shall still anticipate the time when I may attack your Garrett and pay my respects to Bogie. I have for some time got quit of the Parlt. House, which in the present state of my business is no small comfort. The 'Tred' of a lawyer I do not much admire. You may have seen by the Newspapers or heard that Henry Brougham got a client of his hanged for stealing money out of a letter. I was sorry that I did not hear his speech, as I have heard so many different accounts of it ; whether it was good or bad, it has certainly done him a great service in his profession, and he is now really in a respectable line of business, considering his standing at the Bar. Henry is of all men that I know the most convenient for the Agency (not Gentry, for they are great scoundrels in general) practitioners in the Courts, who have a practice, for what purpose is not so evident, of delaying giving in papers till the last moment, and they sometimes come

to you with papers to write, which must be given in to the Lords in the course of a night. This is very hard on a Counsel who perhaps never saw the papers before, and who may be obliged to wade through innumerable processes to get at the merits of the case. Here, however, Henry is quite at home, as he can sit up a whole night without feeling much inconvenience. This he has done several times with great credit to himself. I have got into a most *unprofitable*, but a most troublesome duty as a Lawyer for the Poor. The Benefit of the Poor's Roll was certainly meant to be a Blessing, but instead of that, I suspect that in many cases it is a real Curse, as encouraging a spirit of litigation among the poorer classes of the community which otherwise they never would have entertained. The people come to you with the most plausible stories, not a word of which can they ever substantiate, and sometimes they insist upon the absurdest of pleas you can have any idea of. There was one scoundrel that seriously advised with me about



bringing an action for the repetition of five shillings, which he said had been unjustly taken from him.

What do the wiseacres of the metropolis say to these times? We are all at a stand here, not knowing where to look for a glimpse of light; all is darkness. I really think we have made a pretty business of it at last, and that we shall have some other hands at the helm. I hope at least, whoever they may be, that they will know their business better than those whom they will succeed.

Talking of a change, we have got a stout contest in Fife for a member, Hope and Sir Wm. How it will turn out I know not, but both parties seem to think that they have the advantage. Sir Wm. paid us a visit lately, to explain, as he said, a report that had gone abroad of his having used undue influence with the Kinross-shire voters, about my brother's vote. He said that Mr. Adam offered him a joint solution of all the voters to my brother to give him his support, but that he had refused

it. This I do not believe, that is to say, the first part of the story, and I suspect it was rather a way to get at some idea of my B.'s sentiments towards him. We, however, assured him that we were perfectly ignorant of his way of voting, and that as yet he had given no promise, and I have since understood that very lately he was perfectly ignorant of Hope's intention of standing. I have been told that if Wm. did not vote for Sir Wm. that he would not have Kinross. That I take to be nonsense as much as the other, as it certainly could make no part of the agreement when that was made.

Can we call the voters of Kinross independent? Your knowledge of the terms of the agreement with Wm. may lead you in your answer to that question. There is one vote in Fife which has puzzled the political Calculators a good deal to settle, and that is the vote of the Laird of Balbidie. He waited lately on Mr. Dundas, and informed him that he had received his polite letter, that he would give him his vote, but that he was very poor—if he could

give him a guinea or two to pay his expenses over. Dundas gave him three guineas, upon which he got Royally drunk for a day or two : when that was all spent he went to Cuttlehill and told him what he had done, upon which Cuttle abused him. Balbidie, however, intimated to him that he might still vote for Sir Wm. if he would lend him a few guineas. Cuttle gave him five, which the Laird walked off with, much delighted that he had found out a way of getting a little cash, and now I understand that he has thrown out some broad hints as if he was still uncertain which side he was inclined to favour. In electioneering language, what do you call this?

I am sorry to hear that the grass parks are letting so ill this year. Bruce of Arnot has only let one, and that at a price much below last year. This must sure proceed from the want of cattle in the country, as we would suppose that from the additional quantity of land in tillage last year, the demand for grass would be great.

There is hardly any private news, tho' much dissipation is going on ; of that, Wm. will be able to write you a pretty correct account. He seems to drink pretty deeply of that spring.

Jardine marries Jenny Bruce immediately, and unless you mean to follow his example I know no other news of that sort. Talking of that—you may perhaps guess my meaning. Russell will be able to tell you about all friends, so that I need not torture my unfortunate pen any longer.

Remember me kindly to all in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Kiss Clementina's fair hands for me, and pull Bogie's tail for your sincere friend,

ANDREW CLEPHANE.

Get hold of my brother David, who is in London, hot from Paris, who will tell you all the news. You may expect a visit from Robert when he comes up to London.

To JAMES LOCH, Esq.,

Lincoln's Inn Fields,

Per favour of Mr. RUSSELL.







## ANDREW CLEPHANE (303-309)

Keay.

Blackstone.

Russell.

Henry Brougham. See Appendix A.

Hope. See appendix, *Hope, Charles*.

Sir Wm.

My brother.

Mr. Adam. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Wm.

Laird of Balbidie.

Mr. Dundas.

Cuttlehill.

Bruce of Arnot.

Jardine.

Jenny Bruce.

Clementina.

Andrew Clephane (signature). See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew*.

David.

Robert.



EDINBURGH, 29th March 1802.

MY DEAR LOCH,—*Your full and complete* justification of all treachery in electioneering I have this moment received, and as you ask me to write instantly I have obeyed you. When I wrote you last, I merely mentioned what the people were saying here about the Elections, never supposing that you would take it up so seriously, and I shall be very sorry indeed if what I said could have given Mr. Adam a moment's trouble or uneasiness. I know Mr. Adam well enough to have given little Credit to what Charles Hay said, who, I forget whether or not I told you so before, was my informer, and from that time to this never thought any more about the matter. Do not give Mr. Adam the trouble of sending down the letters till they are *called for*, which I can assure him will most probably never be. So

pray think no more of it. If you take these things so seriously I shan't write you any *more news*. By the Bye, I must remark, tho' it is hardly fair to say it, that in what Sir Wm. said of the Business, as I wrote you, a symptom of Sir W.'s failing is very visible. You know perhaps what that is. So I shan't explain. Talking of Politicks, they have done great things. On poor Oswald's death, the magistrates of Edinb. determined to give the assessorship to Reddie, but Dundass wrote and begged, as the only favour that he had ever asked of the Town, that they would appoint George Douglas, which has been done. Besides Neilly's Interest in Fife, he and his Brother have two votes each, in Aberdeensh. and Kincardinesh. Reddie would have had the whole business of the town if he had got it, which is a famous good opening to a young Lawyer. I believe I must be off to the Country some of these days. This life of Dissipation will not do. I have been of late running to Dowagers' parties all the hours in

the morning. Have you made any Impression on the *Heiress*? I hear that you are likely to 'Cut out Monzie.' I give you joy. Talking of that, what is become of ——? I have been writing all morning in the service of the poor, trying to find out some law in favour of a damned scoundrel, and am perfectly stupid, so am not fit to tell you any nonsense at large; will only say that you will see James Brougham soon, and to beg you to take particular notice of the first part of this scrawl if you can read it, not forgetting to tell you that 'Pinch' Robertson was *buried* yesterday, from which you may conclude that he is *dead*.—Yours ever,

ANDREW CLEPHANE.

To JAMES LOCH, Esq.,

Willm. Adam's, Esq.,

Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.





## ANDREW CLEPHANE (313-315)

Mr. Adam. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Charles Hay.

Sir Wm.

Oswald.

Reddie.

Dundass.

George Douglas.

Neilly.

Monzie.

James Brougham. See appendix, *Brougham, James*.

'Pinch' Robertson.

Andrew Clephane (signature). See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew*.



(EDINBURGH), *April 6, 1802.*

MY DEAR LOCH,—I received yours and am very much surprised that you have not yet seen Poet Campbell, to whom I gave a letter to you. Since the Session rose I have been tugging very hard at my Book, with some interruptions from law, and indeed from no other quarter as I have never once been out except to the Spec.—to drink the treaty—and to bury poor Robertson. From the Xmas Vacation to the very end of the Session I was completely interrupted by, you'll not guess what—indeed it surprised me a good deal—business. Now, as what has happened once may happen again, I should not be surprised to be interrupted the whole summer Session in the same way, in which case I shall modify my plan a good deal, and divide myself between the Book and the Law during the long vacation.

I have already told you how considerably

my plan opened on me as I advanced, and how uncertain the period became ever since I resolved to enlarge the general part of it. All these things taken together make me unwilling to name any time of publication at present. Indeed you can figure nothing more inconvenient than the Law; various things come in to be done, trifling in themselves, and only sufficient to interrupt other matters. I have of late been going through the West Indies, and am astonished to see our government delay one moment in assisting the French, or any state that chuses to quell the Hispaniola Negroes; it is like refusing to help your neighbour (with whom you have an old quarrel) when his house is on fire and to windward of your own; or can government be so very ignorant as not to know that a Colony (somewhat divided) would be a much less dangerous neighbour than an independent state, even putting the nature of the Negroes out of the question?

All this leads me to beg that you would try



to procure me an answer to the following query in any West Indian circles to which you may have access :—

What is the average proportion of the number of vessels making the Windward passage, to the number making the Gulf passage? and what proportions of the times and risks?

I should like to hear, also, what is the W. I. talk upon the subject. I shan't be surprised, considering the nature of the merchants, to find that they are still more keen than before against the abolition, in other words, keen to fill their house with gunpowder when the 'paries proximus ardet'; they are the very men who talked of keeping Africa at peace by their traffic, 'Solitudinem faciunt' and 'pacem appellant,' one of the finest things in all antiquity. So good-night.

HENRY BROUGHAM, Jnr.

To JAMES LOCH, Esq.,  
at Will Adam's, Esq.,  
Lincoln's Inn Fields,  
London.



## HENRY BROUGHAM, JUN. (319-321)

Poet Campbell. See appendix, *Campbell, Thomas*.

Spec. See appendix, *Speculative Society*.

Robertson.

Henry Brougham, Jun. See Appendix A.



EDINR., 25 *April* 1802.

MY DEAR LOCH,—I read your last letter to Henry in which you make honorable mention of me. It made me very happy to see that your Uncle approved of my plan. I am sure I am more obliged to him than I can tell you for his concerning himself in my affairs. Till within these three days I had determined to go to London just now, and finally arrange matters for going up to *remain* in November next. But from a conversation I had with Mr. Tait I have now altered my plan. Mr. Tait said that he saw no necessity for my going just now; he thought it would be wrong in me to miss even a day of Session unless some evident good was to result from my being in London, and that in all probability the Appeal in which he is concerned will not be heard



before the Session is pretty far advanced. He said that he could do anything for me just as well as if I were present, and has undertaken in the most friendly manner to speak to Chalmer[s] and several other people on my account.

I spoke to Mr. Tait about the propriety of my passing W.S. He said that it certainly required consideration, but upon the first view of the matter he could not see any great advantage in it. For the first years I can only look for business to my personal friends, or those to whom these friends might recommend me, afterwards it can be of little or no consequence. Almost everybody knows that a man may be admitted into the most honorable society with a very scanty knowledge of law and of business. There is to be sure only one argument against passing W.S., which is the £100 or above £100. Now when I consider the expense I must necessarily cost my father living in London till I can be in a way of doing without his assistance, unless some advantage

was to be derived from passing, I never would think of putting him to this additional expence. I am afraid I shall have enough to do to live upon the allowance he can give me. A man with a small fortune very much burdened, and a large family, can't afford much to a second son.

As to what you say with regard to a knowledge of the forms of the Court of Session, that I apprehend to be absolutely necessary. It is a very unfortunate circumstance that this is in fact the only part of the business that I have paid little or no attention to. I mean, however, to attend to nothing else this Summer Session.

There is one point on which I am at present quite undetermined and which will require some consideration ; namely, whether I should go to London at Christmas or wait till next spring. The only apparent advantages arising from my remaining here the whole of next winter are the attending the Court whole, instead of the half, of the winter Session, and

finishing the Scotch Cuo Course with Hume. Now, tho' there can be no doubt that a person who has attended the Parliament House for five or six years will know more of the forms of the Court than one who has attended only four months, yet I apprehend from the nature of the Court that a person may learn as much in four months as he can do in Six months.

As to Cuo. The excellency of Hume's course is acknowledged by everybody, but this excellency consists chiefly, I may say only, in his arrangement of the decisions. This you may have from the notes of his lectures as well as from the lectures themselves. I attended his course three years ago and shall take out a ticket next winter and attend as long as I am here, and in that way I shall have no scruple in taking assistance from the Copies of his lectures which are in circulation.

It was Mr. Tait who suggested the propriety of my staying here another winter, but

upon my mentioning to him what I have just written to you he seemed to think there was no necessity. My own opinion is the sooner I go the better. I have a good deal to learn in London before I can do anything for myself, and I should like to be prepared in case anything occurred. There must have been some mistake about my wishing to get into a public office. Getting on as an Army Agent was the only thing of the kind I ever thought of, and that merely the thought of the moment. I have long seen the very great difficulty of succeeding as a Writer here and determined to give it up, but my great wish was to get out to the East or West Indies in some situation or other. This I found no such easy matter. I am sure I have exhausted your patience with this long letter. I know, however, you'll be good enough to excuse me. We expect Horner daily. In case, however, he should have altered his plan and be still in London, you may tell him what has prevented



me from going just now. I beg my best respects to Mr. Adam and the Ladies.—Yours most truly and sincerely,

JAS. BROUGHAM.

*To* JAMES LOCH, Esq.,  
William Adam's, Esq.,  
Lincoln's Inn Fields,  
London.



## JAMES BROUGHAM (325-330)

Henry. See Appendix A.

Your uncle. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Mr. Tait.

Chalmer[s].

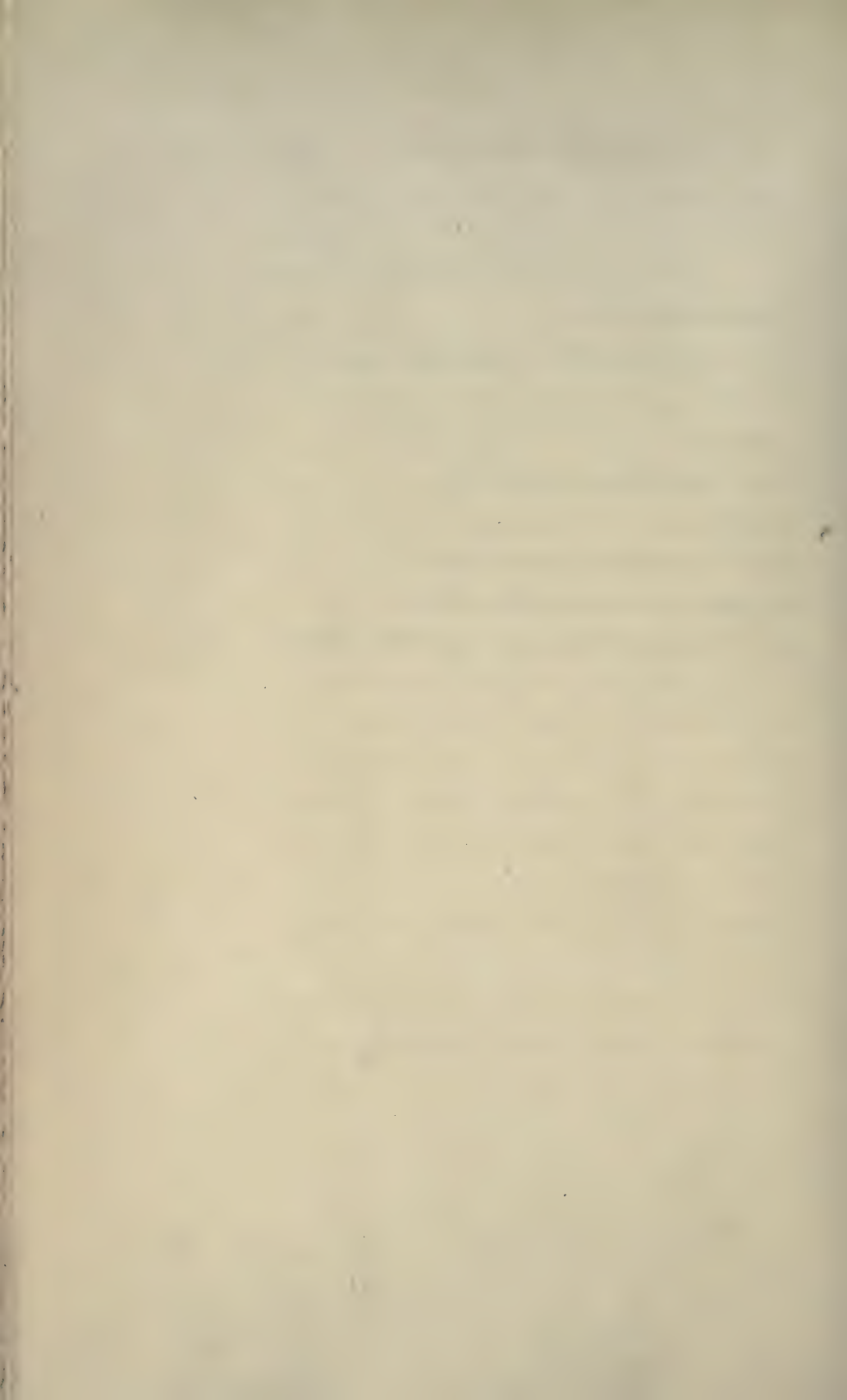
Hume. See appendix, *Hume, David*.

My father.

Horner. See appendix, *Horner, Francis*.

Mr. Adam. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Jas. Brougham (signature). See appendix, *Brougham, James*.



EDINBURGH, 21st *June* 1802.

DEAR LOCH,—My conscience has been very troublesome for some days in not having written to you before now. So partly to keep the scoundrel quiet and partly to tell you all about it, I am now seriously seated, in my small study, on a magnificent couch covered with a beautiful furniture, regaled by the soft cooings of certain pidgeons from the stable, and refreshing themselves by occasional copulas. From this refreshing scene it is not easy to descend to common question or answer, but I shall try to respond to certain queries contained in your last.

With regard to the Nobile Officium—the Law.

I must own that business has not become so attractive as to prevent me from rejoicing when the Session rises. I hope the golden

harvest now on the ground will be more productive than that which I have as yet reaped. But, to be sure, the soil on which I have been working is not so very thoroughly improved as it ought to be, and consequently the crop will be less abundant.

There is one person who has quitted the Bar with disgust—poor Gordon. You may now chance to see him in London. He thinks the path to Glory too confined in the Law; he therefore throws himself into the Army at the Close of a War.

But mark Gordon's ideas of Glory. He is set upon a Cornetcy of Dragoons, merely because, as it does not seem to be the mode of carrying on War on horseback so much as it was, they will be kept at home. He was extremely averse to go into a Regt. in India because it was far away, and had an absolute horror in going into any other Regt. of Infantry, because they might be ordered to the West Indies, where there were filthy fevers which very often carried off His Majesty's

liege subjects. Ease, idleness, dissipation, and a dashing uniform are very attractive things to persons of Weak Stomack. We used to think Gordon a young man of promise; at least he was certainly designed by Nature for a far different course. But the lowest and most childish conduct has marked G. ever since he came from Cambridge, all of which he satisfies to his conscience by thinking it Life.

Pray what sort of a man is your Chancellor? I used to have a great opinion of him, but I must own that I think he goes too far in his severity against our Bench, exceptionable as it is. I have often thought it very odd, and indeed somewhat degrading, to have all our decisions liable to be cut down by an English lawyer who cannot be expected, and ought not, to know so much of our law as we do, who have been studying it in practice (the very best of all ways of studying it) for so many years in our lives. As he ought not to know the law better than we do, far less, I do maintain, can he be so well acquainted



with our forms. Yet we see every day cases reversed, some on points of law and some on points of form and practice. In fact it seems to have become a matter of course, that the Scotch Bench is always wrong, and that by the same rule every decision falls to be reversed. This has annoyed the President most excessively; so much so, that he could not help very lately expressing his pique at it on the Bench. It was in a case remitted with instructions, in which he declared 'that tho' he had the highest legal authority against him, yet he would still adhere to his former opinion right or wrong.' And he expressed himself very severely against the Council who dwelt much on the Chancellor's opinion.

The President is certainly a very great lawyer, but in his Sun there are certainly spots. He is extremely bigotted to certain opinions, and views any other opinions with a degree of jealousy which is very unbecoming in a person of so high a station. Now that you have annulled his decisions, if you dis-

member his court, as Lord Rochester says, 'By G—, it will make him mad.'

I was over in Fife in the beginning of May. We went to fish, but the weather was too good for that sport. I have not been there since the late rains, which from the situation of the ground must have done an infinity of good.

I cannot say that the death of Geo. Graham has done any harm to the country. I saw James Graham yesterday, and tho' he is a stupid hound I am very sorry for him. From certain circumstances, from the footing on which he appears in the family, and from his constant residence there I much fear that the Deed is [<sup>?proved</sup><sub>?found</sub>] which takes the estate of Kinross from him. This is the more unfortunate, as poor James is qualified neither from education or natural talents to succeed in the world from his own exertions. Tho' Tom Graham will most certainly take the estate if the will is contravened, yet I must own I would think it shabby. I would have

no objection to take an estate where an irritancy is incurred by the failure of the heir to do something which would evict the estate from me, such as selling the estate against an express prohibition in an entail, or the like, but where the contravention is made by the heir sinning against so arbitrary a law of the predecessor, as the one in question, I confess I would not be easy under it. These fancies may be absurd, but that I cannot help.

What put it into your head that Ann Douglas is going to be married? She says she is much obliged to you for marrying her, but it is against her consent. You need not ask what would become of Mrs. Baillie. She is a sort of fixture in the premises, and whoever takes the fair Ann for better or for worse, must take the Aunt into the Bargain.

This is very hard, to be sure, for it will effectually spoil the Market.

The Broughams are as usual. James attends the Parlt. House in order to learn forms, etc. Henry is not doing much but

living quiet. Horner not doing much either at the Law, as there are many such.

Your old domicile is quite deserted. I wished very much to have got one of the screens which stood in the drawing-room as a memento, but most unfortunately my mother was too late, so that it could not be helped.

We have got all the fraternities at home but the General, who is now, I should think, on the high seas, so that we shall have the whole family at home, a thing which never happened before.

Your uncle was so good as to offer to come down at the election, but that would be inconvenient to him and I should think no use to the election, unless he wants to be present at the dinner.

Give my sincere good wishes to all the family, and Believe me, yours ever,

ANDREW CLEPHANE.

*To* JAMES LOCH, Esq.,  
No. 23 Old Buildings,  
Lincoln's Inn, London.







## ANDREW CLEPHANE (333-339)

Gordon.

Chancellor. See appendix, *Scott, John, Lord Eldon.*

The President.

Lord Rochester.

Geo. Graham.

James Graham.

Tom Graham.

Ann Douglas.

Mrs. Baillie.

James. See appendix, *Brougham, James.*

Henry. See Appendix A.

Horner. See appendix, *Horner, Francis.*

My mother.

The General.

Andrew Clephane (signature). See appendix, *Clephane, Andrew.*



EDINB., *Augt. 20th*, 1802.

MY DEAR LOCH,—I am absolutely ashamed and (for the first time in my life) uneasy at sitting down to what used always to be the greatest pleasure—writing to you. You must have thought my long silence strange indeed ; but the fact is, I have been in many respects so very uncomfortable, that I knew anything I might scrawl must be extremely uninteresting, and besides, I believe that laziness had in some degree taken possession of me, which generally attends a mind ill at ease. Even yet, nothing could induce me to bore you, but the kind wish which you express to know my plans—for I am sure it can give you no pleasure to view so much uncertainty and uneasiness ; the *Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis*, etc., does not apply when one has a friend *qui fragilem truci commisit pelago ratem*. Yet

such is pretty nearly my situation. I am either tossed about and harassed by a thousand perplexities, or sink into a deceitful and dangerous calm. In short, I am completely discontented, as I have long been, with all prospects in this place, and I much fear that I shall find it impossible to make the exchange I so much desire—what that change should be, is another question. The English Bar is in a very great degree tedious, and, to say the least of it, somewhat uncertain. I look forward with no small horror to five years' dull, unvaried drudgery, which must be undergone to obtain the privilege of drudging still harder, among a set of disagreeable people of brutal manners and confined talents; any opening abroad seems a matter of extreme difficulty at present, at least to one who has no sort of interest. The army is indeed a resource, but it is the last, and only for incurables; besides, I have been too long of thinking of it.

For the same reason the East Indies seems out of the question; and any civil appointment

as secretaryships, etc., in the West Indies is, I suppose, as difficult to be procured as one in Europe. As to places at home, I don't know whether the present order of Ministers employ commis, etc., but if they do, to me it won't much signify; so that, altogether willing as I am to labour, I see no chance of employment. Such and so melancholy are all my prospects. I leave you to judge whether study, to which I constantly fly for occupation, can be any great relief. It is, however, cheaper than dissipation, and is attended with some improvement which may enable one to profit by the chapter of accidents; but in that I don't much confide. Of late I have been writing a few articles for the new *Review* here, which, of course, you have heard of. Particularly I am discussing the subject of the West Indies (which I have studied much) under the form of reviewing Stevens's pamphlet (I should like to know whether any answer has been made to it, and what the W. Indians say of it). But all this I look upon as little better than



waste of time. Pray excuse so very dull a letter, and write me soon. You have no idea how much it will gratify me, tho' I long infinitely to see you again ; next to that is hearing from you, especially as you are the only person I can unbosom myself to.

H. BROUGHAM, Junr.

*To* JAMES LOCH, Esq.,  
No. 23 Old Buildings,  
Lincoln's Inn,  
London.

## HENRY BROUGHAM, JUNR. (343-346)

Stevens.

H. Brougham, Junr. (signature). See Appendix A.



EDINB., *Sept. 4th*, 1802.

MY DEAR LOCH,—Will you pardon me for boring you again so soon after my last? You have often been so kind as to offer me your assistance and once *and* again I have availed myself of your goodness. I at present request it as a favour that you would manage for me a treaty with Cadell and Davies.

My West Indian studies having occupied much of my attention, I had purposed last Spring to write a pamphlet on the crisis which at that time seemed impending. Hearing of Stevens' work, I dropt my own plan, after having made some progress in the collection and arrangement of my materials. Upon examining Stevens I find that we differ, *toto Cælo*, upon every material point, and instead of reviewing him for Jeffrey, as I at first intended, I wish to publish a small work separately upon the subject of 'The Colonial Policy of Great Britain in the present Crisis.'

I have already almost finished it, and suppose it may print to about 200 or 240 pages octavo. My plane comprehends the following particulars :—

1. The Probable effects of the French expedition, etc., to the colonies of the republick.
2. The consequences to the British, Spanish, etc., Colonies of the future state of the French islands, whatever it may be.
3. The consequences to the Mother countries, including the question of separation—Egypt, etc.
4. The line of Policy recommended towards foreign powers.
5. That which ought to be adopted towards our own possessions, including the questions of colonial legislations, abolition, etc., etc.

And 6. Examination of the plan proposed by Stevens for cultivating Trindada.

I shall add an appendix consisting chiefly of Statistical and Historical tables.



Now you may state to Messrs. C. and D. the substance of the above page, and the rest of the treaty I leave to your own discretion—only, the sooner it is published (should they agree) I think the better ; as for my name, I care not a curse whether it is put *on* or not. I believe it would do neither good nor evil to the concern, and for the author I have no great anxiety. As I think no time should be lost, pray set about this at your first leisure hour ; and as a few minutes will transact it, be so very *sweet* and *kind*, etc., as to answer this the moment you have seen the Gem'men. Of course, they will want to see the MS., in which case it shall be transmitted whenever I hear from you.

Again and again pray excuse all this trouble, and believe how willing I would receive the like from you. My best Compts. to all your Uncle's Household who are known to me, and believe me ever, my dear James, Your most loving friend,

HENRY BROUGHAM, Junr.



## HENRY BROUGHAM, JUN. (349-351)

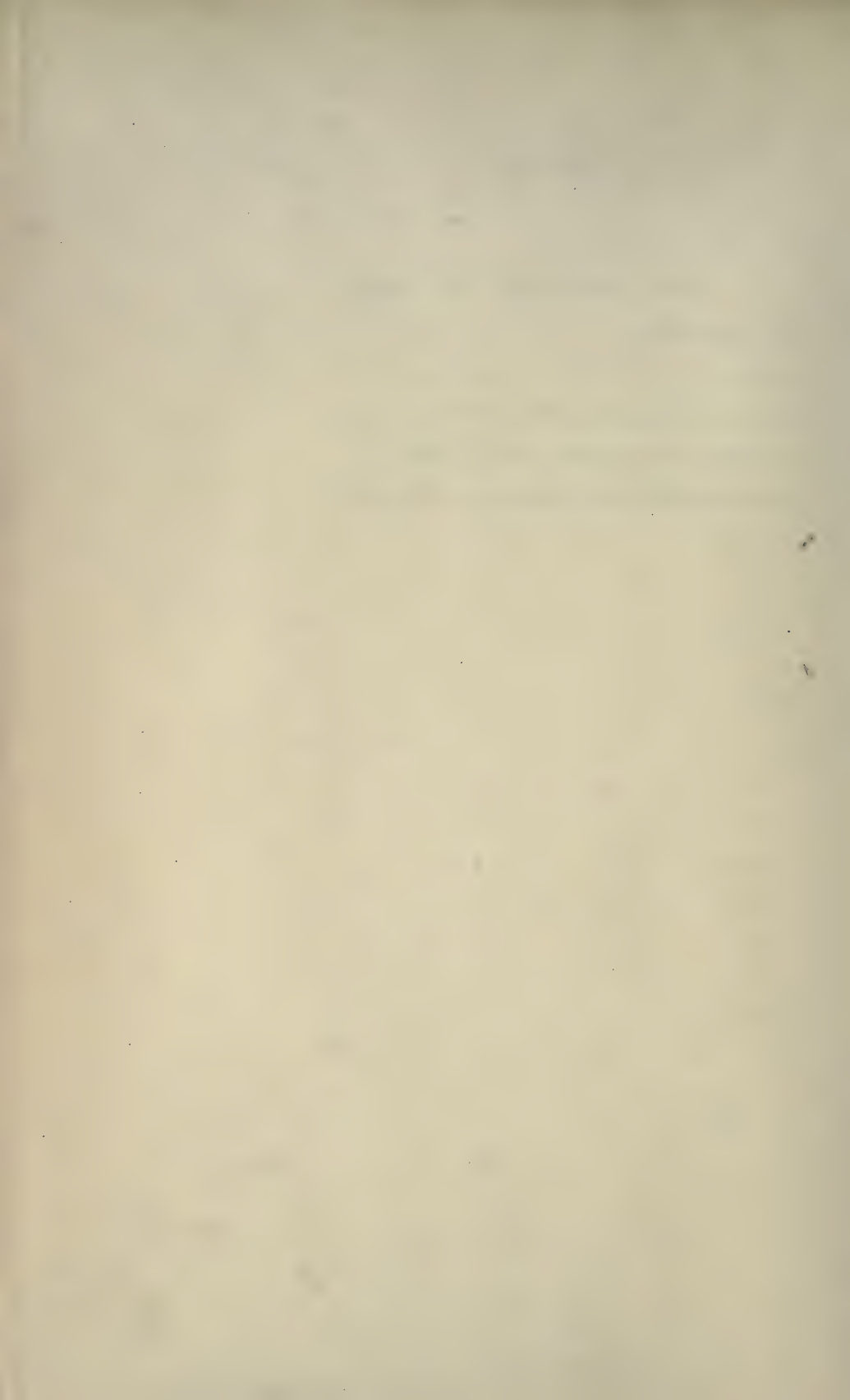
Cadell and Davies.

Stevens.

Jeffrey. See appendix, *Jeffrey, Francis*.

Your uncle. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Henry Brougham, Junr. (signature). See Appendix A.



EDINR., *Sept.* 29, 1802.

MY DEAR LOCH,—I received your two letters and need scarcely tell you how much obliged I am to you for all the trouble you have so kindly taken in my affair. I rejoice that Mr. Davies thinks the subject suited to the 'form and pressure of the times,' and will send up part of the Manuscript for your perusal and his as soon as possible. I should have sent it by this time had not the want of some books, which are not to be had here, prevented me. In the meantime, to prevent mistakes, I shall shortly mention the general plan of the Inquiry.

In the first place, a discussion of the probable event of Leclerc's expedition and its consequences to the French Islands.

II. The consequences of its total failure or the establishment of a Negro Commonwealth



(either at present or at any future period)—to the West India Settlement of Britain, Holland and Spain—as well as France. This includes an inquiry into the present state of the Spanish and Dutch Settlements and the French Windward Islands.

III. The consequences of the re-establishment of the ancient order of things in the French W. Indies—to the other powers. This includes an inquiry into the relative strength of Colonies, provinces, and independent States—a discussion upon the colonial and provincial policy of Ancient Nations—and a disquisition upon the political effects of Negro Slavery.

IV. The consequences of a partial subjection of the Negroes in the French Islands.

V. The consequences of the separation of the West India Colonies from their Mother countries.

This includes an inquiry into the advantages of such possessions in a political and commercial view, and several other discussions.

VI. The External Policy dictated to the European powers in the West Indies—by the present state of the Islands. This includes, among other [things], an inquiry into the consequences of Egypt being possessed by the French.

VII. The domestic policy dictated to Europ. powers by the present crisis of Colonial affairs—including, of course, the questions connected with the Slave trade and regulation—the Colonial legislation and their rights. The internal state of the Spanish, Dutch, and Portugese cols. in these respects, etc. etc.—and a full examination of the plans frequently proposed by abolitionists—particularly by the project of Stevens and others—for cultivation by free Negroes.

The above is a rough sketch—which you may read to Mr. D. As to terms—that is a more distant consideration. Indeed, I leave all this matter to you entirely. Perhaps Mr. D. might wish to see one part in preference to the others—if so, pray give me a line.

I wish (in the event of a publication) that he would allow it to be printed here—it would save much expence and be extremely convenient to me.

H. BROUGHAM, junr.

*P.S.*—I never got the Spanish Book, but have desired the mail coach people to inquire. A letter from Dis— desires to be remembered to you—indeed part of it is an apostrophe to you—did not know John was at Anstruther's or he would have accepted Sir J.'s invitn.

To JAMES LOCH, Esq.,  
No. 23 Old Buildings,  
Lincoln's Inn,  
London.

## HENRY BROUGHAM, JUN. (355-358)

Mr. Davies.

Leclerc. See appendix, *Leclerc, Victor Emmanuel*.

Stevens.

H. Brougham, Junr. (signature). See Appendix A.

Dis —

John.

Anstruther.

Sir J.





EDINB., *Nov. 7th*, 1802.

MY DEAR LOCH,—I have been so long of hearing from you that I dread least any thing has befallen you. I was sorry to see by the newspapers that a connection of your Uncle's had died at the Park. It struck me it might be the lady who they said two years ago you was going to be married to—in which case I heartily condole with you, because I imagine a shock of that kind must be very severe in the mean time—but in the main—tho' you may think it cruel, I rejoice at any event which keeps a man out of matrimony. I daily see men born for great things—give themselves up to little things—turn domestic and leave not only the pleasures of freedom, but its views and prospects. I should have thought any woman who got you lucky indeed—but I know of no woman whom I

should think worthy of your making a living sacrifice to.

Therefore, if there was any foundation for the report—which I doubt—I rejoice that your Danger of sublunary annihilation is over. I suppose you think me very idle and careless about my Book—but in truth I have been working like a horse. I hope like the horse of knowledge—at least. Since I thought of publishing a colonial essay separately, it has appeared to me most advisable to bend myself exclusively to the subject for some time—and to discuss it fully. So I have altered my plan, and instead of a pamphlet on the Negro rebellion—mean to publish a book in two vols., under the title of *An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers*. This change having taken place—and Cadell and Davies desiring to see the MS. (a thing which upon second thoughts I must positively decline yielding to any Bookseller whatever), I bethought me of managing the affair without their assistance. Longman happens to be

here at present, and Smith, who is his cousin, tells me that no man in the trade carries on such a wide business on such liberal terms—therefore I sent for him and found him very eager to engage in the publication. I told him that I meant to lay before him only my title-page and table of contents, upon which he might make up his mind—he did so, and in five minutes the whole was settled and the definitive treaty concluded—he prints 1000 copies—takes the whole risque and trouble upon him—and gives me one half of the profits. For the second edition (if there is one) or the whole copyright—I make my Bargain afterwards. I have lost no time in communicating this to you, that you may notify the thing (if you think proper) to Cadell, etc.—but without telling the terms of the Bargain. One great inducement is that L. allows it to be printed here—which saves time and trouble and conduces much to accuracy in a work of much reference and calculation and tables.

All this—with the *Review* (which is in a 2nd

edition already) and the Parlt. house will work me hard this winter, but thank God I can bear anything—and am at present labouring from morning to between two and three next morning, as cheerfully as if it were all pleasure or exercise, and more cheerfully than if I had a wife to go to bed with at that late hour. Tho' desperately hurried—I find the pleasure of a little chat with you so delightful that I must make you pay double, and continue my scroll. My labour is sweeten'd with the hope that it may lead me to enjoyment of some kind—perhaps remove me from law and Edinb. Indeed, I mean at any rate to fly in Spring, though, as you may easily imagine, this is not to be talked of till it happens, for various prudential reasons. My rigid economy during the last 12 months has cleared old scores and enabled me to clear a little sum, which, before April, will amount to a very good year's expenditure abroad — this is altogether independent of my book, which must, I know,



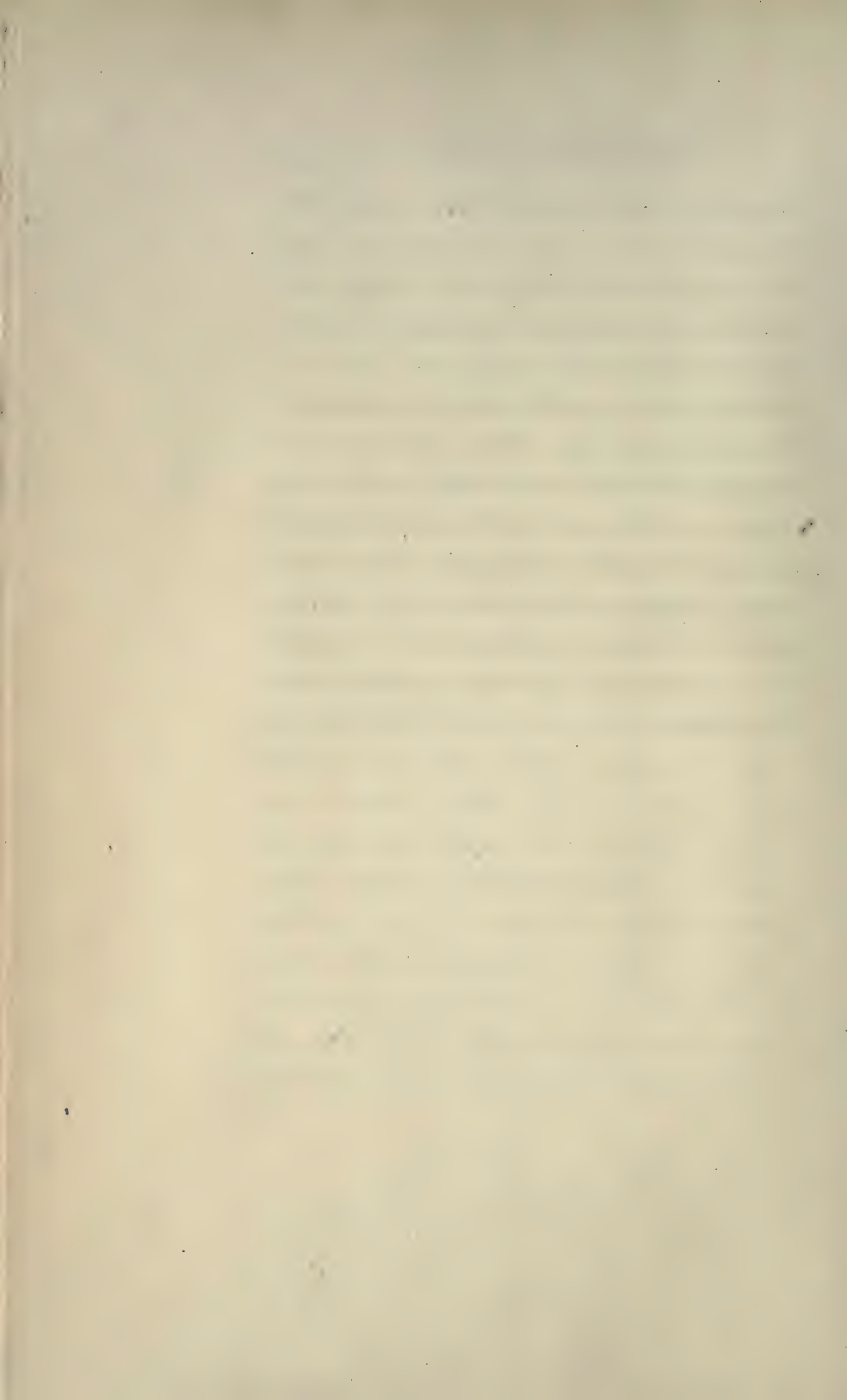
be profitable—so I shall certainly go to Germany in the opening of the year. Now, is there anything so very binding upon you that you could not go with me? You have never been abroad—at least as much improvement as pleasure awaits you. Your income would be sufficient to maintain you genteelly, tho' soberly, in the cheap and rich countrys of the South. You have all the information which most men have yet to acquire after their return from their travels, and a few months' practice of languages before you go would make la société étrangere as agreeable to you as most others find it the reverse. I have had some experience in travelling (a sort of science peculiar in its nature); this would both save our time, our money, and our tempers. I can venture to assure you of every facility and aid from C. Stuart at Vienna, and from various quarters domestic and foreign. I could ensure every information and introduction that might be useful. Few men ever set out with more advantages than we should have, and none



with more prospects of mutual agreement and pleasure in each other's intercourse. I should feel as easy with you as with my own self, and I am vain enough to believe that you don't stand on any ceremony with me—such is the castle that I am fond of building. I only wish to God you would realize it by your concurrence—at least think of it—think of Hungary, Bohemia, Bavaria; then think of Vienna, and politics, and society; then of the Southern provinces, and Turkey, and adventure; then of Spain. I go a step further; I believe if we should find it convenient, we might return with one of the best books of travels that have been published for many years. I pray, My dr. James, think of this. Before I exhaust my paper and your patience (which I fear is nearly gone), I must add that all enquiries after the Spanish book have been in vain—it never came so far as Newcastle. I wish you would see about it at the office. I want information grievously upon the Span. and Port. colonies—could you talk to any one who knows, about

the state of the Portugeze trade, exclusive coys., govt. and revenue in Brazill, and the later changes in the Span. coml. system ; or introduce me to the correspondence of some such person as soon as may be, and I will put queries to them. I wish much to learn something about Trinidad. Stevens says he has collected information concerning it—could he be come at, think you?—if he had given his name there would be no difficulty. The Dutch colonies must be well known to many London traders. In hopes of a favourable answer to all my epistle,—I am, most sincerely your affec. friend,

H. B., Jun.



## HENRY BROUGHAM, JUN. (361-367)

Your uncle. See appendix, *Adam, William*.

Cadell and Davies.

Longman. See appendix, *Longman, Thomas Norton*.

Smith.

C. Stuart.

Stevens.

H. B., Jun. (signature). See Appendix A.

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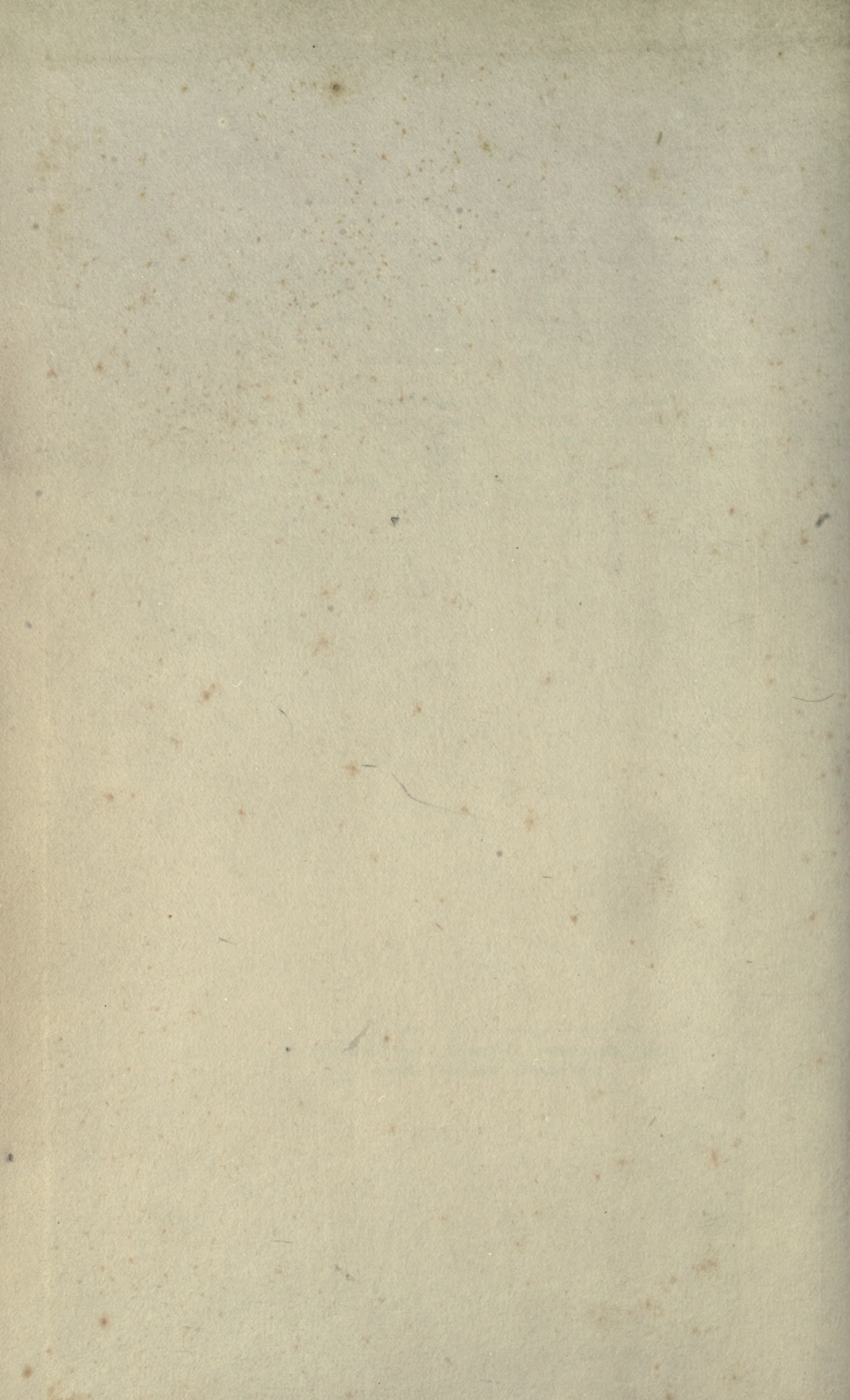
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END OF VOL. I.











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